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HYMNS AND POEMS

FOR THE

Sick and Suffering

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HYMNS AND POEMS

FOR THE

Sick and Suffering

EDITED BY

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To the

Sick and Suffering

this Volume is dedicated

in the affectionate desire

that the helpless days and wearisome nights

appointed to them

may be soothed and brightened by the

Songs of Faith





FOR THE
Sick and Suffering

“**T**HE heart knoweth his own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy.” These touching words apply both to the greater and also to the lesser and more frequent trials of life. We never fully understand how heavily even daily and common griefs press upon the hearts of others, nor how keenly troubles may be felt by them which we should think easy to bear. Nor are we always ready to admit, what is yet most true, that of each of these sorrows, a far greater portion is hidden from our view, than that which lies open before us. And if this be so in ordinary measures of pain or sorrow, much more must it be, in those instances of acute suffering, or deep affliction, which sometimes occur. The isolation of spirit, expressed in this remarkable passage, is certain then to make itself felt, even amidst all the tender sympathy of those who best love the sufferer, and the unlooked-for kindnesses which so often spring up around him in the hour of his distress. No

other can read the secrets of his inner life, nor measure his capacities for sorrow. It may be that the outward aspect of his trial gives but the faintest indication of its real power; but even when it is plainly seen to be one of the most grievous which can afflict man, the bitterness of his anguish can be tasted by no other; we are divided from him by the necessary condition of our separate existence, and though we too bear about with us the incom- munication joys and sorrows which belong to our own individual being, we do not and cannot know how deeply the iron is entering into his soul. When we are grieved at his griefs, and do most truly feel for and with him, there is still very much in which we cannot share; the heaviness that clouds many long hours of every day, the burthen of the night-watches, the protracted aching of the heart; much that is too deeply felt to be told, and can be fully known only to God.

None should be more ready to confess that their acquaintance with the peculiarities of others' sufferings is limited and imperfect, than those who address the sick and afflicted. It were grievous, did we seem to them intrusive, insensible to the sacredness of affliction, or yet unprepared to offer that true sympathy which, with all its imperfections, is most soothing, which they may well claim, and which we have known too much of suffering ourselves to withhold.

If we would trace the history of suffering, we must first look back to its origin.

We know that as our unfallen nature was created in the beginning, every faculty and affection was so ordered as to minister only to happiness, and that the wonderful connexion between soul and body contributed to the perfectness of both. It was not until Adam sinned by putting self in the place of God, the will of the creature above the will of the Creator, that death came into the world. Had there been no transgression, there would have been no pain; which is not known among the sinless, and has no place in heaven.

Hence it is that all forms of suffering are evidences of man's fall; those which wear down the physical strength, and make the course of life a protracted dying; such also as are occasioned by the loss of those we love; the griefs which spring from crushed affections; and still more evidently the pain which follows actual wrong-doing, and the fearful throes of impenitent remorse.

In these thoughts there is, alas! no comfort; for if by nature we are prone to evil, and by character are actually sinful, and if therefore suffering be what we both inherit and also deserve, what is there to hinder every new sin from bringing fresh suffering, and then increased suffering from lashing us into the madness of more aggravated transgression? This indeed were frightful to contemplate; for who could endure to be abandoned here to pain, to be searched through and through by anguish, without seeing either a limit to its duration, or a purpose for it to accomplish? Yet if we consider only man's

deservings, how should he look for better things, who at the first revolted from God, and has ever since been ready to widen the breach between himself and his Maker?

The compassion of God Himself could alone deliver us from so fearful a condition. And the name which we all bear suggests the means of this deliverance. We are called Christians because we belong to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. He, the eternal Son of God, graciously took the burthen of humanity upon Him to redeem us through His life, death, and resurrection, from sin, and from its necessary consequence, suffering. By His one oblation of Himself once offered, He made a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world.¹ For His merit only, are we, through faith, counted righteous before God.² The power both of sin and of suffering is thus broken for us. Of sin, since if we are living members of Him to whom we were joined in our baptism, we are ever receiving through Him, from the Father, the gift of the Holy Ghost, to enlighten and sanctify us, and mould us into conformity with His blessed image; so that we may continually in this strength put sin away, as that which can no longer claim dominion over us.—Of suffering too; for our Lord in our place, and as our representative, suffered for us, that He might deliver us from the bitter pains of eternal death; and that, to them that are truly His, there should remain no condemnation.

¹ Communion Service.

² XIth Article.

And by the same great and mysterious atonement, He has changed the character of those temporal sufferings about which we are now inquiring. When He stood forth, in our nature, as the new head of our race, and triumphed where Adam fell, He healed the sick, and raised the dead, as being the Conqueror for us of those powers to which man had been brought into subjection; and if we are "found in Him," we are made partakers of His victories. Those afflictions which were as fierce beasts going about to destroy, have been tamed by the gracious hand of Christ, and are made to minister to the wants of His people. Those which were as deadly poisons, aggravating the diseases of our souls, are changed into healing medicines, in the gift of the great Physician.

While we are in a world where sin and temptation are yet found, suffering cannot be taken away. But if we are able to recognize in it the loving correction of a Father, we may even "rejoice in tribulation." For with all its bitterness it is indeed a dispensation of healing, and it is ever meant to accomplish, through the blessing of God's good Spirit, some merciful purpose for all who will receive it meekly as from Him. Generally, something will be found in the nature of the affliction, which addresses itself to some peculiarity in the character or circumstances of him to whom it is sent,—and if this fitness be perceived by the sufferer, he may see also the hand from which it comes, and the purposes for which it is appointed.

Perhaps the world is all fair and bright round some young and joyous spirit ; the present full of pleasures which have not yet lost their freshness ; the future glowing with still happier anticipations. A thousand engagements fill the time ; nor, amidst the pressure of all these daily pursuits, is God quite forgotten. His public worship is not altogether slighted, private prayer is not wholly neglected. His service takes its turn with that of the world and of self. But the heart has not yet learned that God is the Supreme Object, His will the standard to which all must be referred : there is no depth, perhaps no reality in its religion.

Affliction comes, and the tumult of the world is exchanged for the stillness of a sick or saddened chamber. God has called aside out of the crowd this one of His servants to speak with alone. Solemn truths, before unknown, or forgotten, or put aside to a more convenient season, are now brought before the stricken heart. Perhaps for the first time it learns that "life is earnest ;" that *time* itself is a gift, which we must not abuse by a thoughtless abandonment to the impulses of the undisciplined mind ; that religion does not consist in a certain amount of work done, one day in seven given to God, to ransom all the others for ourselves ; in a certain portion of religious reading got through, chiefly that we may have leave from our consciences to read, and think, and feel, in the main, after the imaginations of our own hearts ; in a certain amount of almsgiving, to set free all the rest of our worldly

goods for selfish purposes ; in a word, in the reluctant giving up of a part of this world, that we may, in the rest, be worldly without risk.

In this time of trial the utter vanity of every such system of compromise may first be clearly perceived, and the great distinctive principle of Christianity, as proclaimed by our Lord Himself, be first truly apprehended ; that principle which reveals to us the secret of all real spiritual life :—" **ABIDE** in Me and I in you ; as the branch cannot bear fruit, except it abide in the vine ; no **more** can ye, except ye abide in Me." And if so, the notion of resting satisfied because we occasionally approach Him, while in truth we are living a separate and independent life, —which is in such manifest opposition to His own most blessed will concerning us,—will be altogether abandoned. For we may not consider our religion as an affair, which, though indeed important, has but its set time, and which, being transacted, may be put aside to give room for others. For our life is our religion,—our life, and nothing less. Insomuch that all our engagements and pursuits, our daily intercourse with others, even when not a word is spoken on strictly religious subjects, all must be chastened, elevated, brightened, pervaded, by the grace of Christ within.

If such truths are wrought into the heart when the hour of sickness or calamity has touched and opened it, if a new meaning is given to life, and if, when eternity in all its vastness appears so close at hand, God also is brought very near ; then indeed

there will be reason to bless Him for all this time of severe and heavy trial.

But affliction is perhaps sent to some other, who having had far better opportunities of knowing the truth, is too wayward to follow it. God has long been speaking to him by His providence, by the example and by the ministry of others, by His holy word and sacraments ; and His voice has been disregarded. For here is an open understanding, but a closed heart, and a rebellious and disobedient will. With all the great truths of which mention has just been made, he is quite familiar ; his conscience is not asleep ; and he is far from happy ; knowing himself to be in doubtful and dangerous circumstances, but still resolved that he will not, at least for the present, relinquish what he loves so much better than he loves God. Yet because he dares not look down into that abyss, upon the edge of which this disobedience places him, he interposes some slight screen of moral respectabilities and religious observances ; he half persuades himself that the peril is not imminent, and would rejoice if in his inmost heart he could only arrive at some settled belief that his duty to himself or to others justifies the risk.

Expostulation is idle here ; the ear that is closed against the voice of God will not be open to that of man. To such an one it is vain to plead the cause of Him to whom all pure intelligences throughout the range of unnumbered worlds bow and obey.

The clear understanding, so strong in argument, so ready with illustration, so keen in detecting sophistry, is here all darkened and confused. He can but feebly strive to defend his false position with reasonings of which he more than half perceives the hollowness. He can but speak of what society —(which means *his* fragment of society)—and its usages demand: for these usages form his gospel, —what is written there he will believe and obey. He dares not stand alone in wrong doing, but finds great sense of security in a crowd.—And yet when did their multitude ever protect offenders from the wrath of God? It did not amongst the angels which sinned; it did not when the Lord overthrew the cities of the plain.—He is, however, glad (for his convictions are all on the side of religion) that his associates, in breaking down the distinctions between right and wrong, and confounding the evil with the good, do so only in pursuit of pleasure, and not in deliberate and proclaimed hostility to God. He has heard, indeed, the solemn command, “Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil,” but it is inconvenient to him to believe, and therefore he *will not* believe that this can refer to the brilliant throng by which he is surrounded.

The gracious God, who willeth not the death of a sinner, has visited him ere now with the discipline of affliction. Heavily it has fallen upon him once and again. Under the pressure of his calamity, and when other objects were excluded, he turned to God. And ever, with restored health or recovered

spirits, he went back again to his idol worship : and so he has lost the blessing of these visitations, and grieved the Holy Spirit, who would have wrought in the midst of them. Once more, now—and perhaps for the last time—God has come to him with the merciful severity of suffering ; and our best hope for him is—alas that we should say so!—that whether it be the wasting power of some lingering and sore disease, or the ruin of his best earthly good—it may not pass away, until he be turned to Him whom he *might* have served in joy and gladness. For otherwise what remains for him, if it be not that fearful sentence—only less fearful than the final judgment doom—“Ephraim is joined to idols: let him alone ?”

In the first of the two instances just given, God’s service had been neglected from ignorance, from pre-occupation of the time and thoughts, and unbroken prosperity.

In the second, there was no such ignorance, nor had the sunshine of life been always unclouded. The strong love of the world, the hunger and thirst after pleasure, as the chief good (next to which the love of God had leave to stand, if it could), these, stimulated by success in society, and the consciousness of being supported by the multitude, had led away the heart from God ; though the desire of doing right, when the cost was not too great, had never wholly been relinquished.

Take, however, a third case, differing in many respects from these. It is that in which affliction lights upon one who has lived hitherto a life of selfish ungodliness, pursuing unchecked a course of manifest evil doing. It may be, and too often it is so, that affliction drives such a man still further from God. But on the other hand it may be the beginning of a most blessed change.

Imagine him to have passed on hitherto through life in bold and undoubting confidence, giving himself up to every solicitation of evil which promised him present enjoyment ; and if thoughts of death and eternity ever crossed his mind, putting them easily from him.

Suddenly, at the stroke of this calamity, at the first sight perhaps of approaching death, all his confidence forsakes him. He cannot shake off the fearful thoughts and clinging apprehensions which now for the first time have taken hold of him. All that sustained him hitherto is gone, he knows not how. From the height of that confident security where he soared, he feels himself falling suddenly, as with a smitten wing, down into utter and irretrievable ruin.

What has his life been ? In his baptism he was made “a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.” His whole life has been one continued practical denial of this relationship, one practical assertion, begun how soon, continued, alas ! how long, that he is his own, and that he need render no service to any : ignorant

that no one can be truly his own but as he belongs to Christ, "whose service is perfect freedom." Indeed his has hitherto been a slavery of the worst kind,—"serving divers lusts and pleasures," yet not perceiving his chains, but dwelling willingly "in the tents of these so miserable felicities." He has lived far from God, and has met the efforts of those who would have brought him back, perhaps with fierce anger, perhaps with careless contempt. As this affliction now comes upon him, there is much more to awaken in us fear than hope: not from any doubt of the infinite mercies of God, but lest these mercies should again be despised; lest the purpose of this visitation should not be recognized. So much has already been done for him by God, which he has never acknowledged, so many calls to repentance have been slighted; his heart has grown so hard, his alienation from God so confirmed.

How widely different would it have been with him, had he from the beginning cast himself upon the covenanted fatherhood of God, taken his assigned place in Christ's kingdom, and claimed the continued guidance and indwelling presence of the Holy Spirit, as a right purchased for him by the precious blood of Christ, out of which, were he but faithful, he could be kept neither by earth nor hell,—neither by men nor devils!

Yet if he will even now turn to his Father with a penitent heart, he will be met with a gracious welcome. The history of the Prodigal in the Gospel is given him for both guidance and encouragement.

His first act was to break away altogether from his father, as soon as it became possible to do so; withdrawing himself into a far country, and forsaking at once his duties and his blessings. There, unrestrained, he led his separate and independent life. He chose his own ways, following the dictates of “the flesh and of the mind.” It was not until adversity fell heavily upon him, and he found himself left to the husks which the swine did eat, that “he came to himself.”

It may be that God, following this wanderer unseen, has hedged up his way, and kept him from the gross and flagrant sins of the Prodigal. But the alienation is the same; alienation from that One to whom the deepest love and the most faithful service were due.

If now he be repentant and anxious to return, perhaps he feels at the same time crushed to the earth by the dreadful apprehension that he may not be accepted. Perhaps he is inquiring into his *right* to approach God as a child, seeking with troubled heart to get into some state of feeling, some frame of mind, or to do some previous act, which may give him, as it were, a claim upon God. But it was not so with the Prodigal. He knew that he had a father to go to; that thought was as light in his darkness, and in his helpless misery he arose and went to him as a father. And so must this bewildered sufferer do. He is no more worthy to be called His son, whose family he has thus forsaken. Yet let him not be hindered by that secret pride

which pretends to be humility, or by half-heartedness, or by any other cause, from seeking with all his soul the fulfilment of those blessed promises which he had forgotten or despised—which he had never sought to realize, since the day when they were visibly sealed to him in baptism. The humblest station, the lowest room, so that it be only appointed by his Father, is all he seeks ; for if he is indeed a penitent, he will choose rather to be henceforth a door-keeper in the house of his God, than to dwell in the tents of the ungodly. But coming thus, his Father will meet him and welcome him with better blessings than he dared to look for, and there will be joy in heaven over this repentant sinner.

Such instances may serve, not indeed to give any idea of the vast range over which it pleases God to send affliction as His messenger, but to suggest to those who have not before considered the subject, how these calamities, which fall so frequent around us, may each have some special work to do. To many, alas ! such visitations come in vain. Some persons are quite lost in the mere sense of pain or grief. The severity of physical suffering, the restlessness of its fever, the consciousness of danger which it brings, the hurry of spirit which accompanies it, the ill-concealed anxiety of friends, all combine to perplex and distract the mind. There may be a blind reaching forth after help, but there is no real power to grasp or retain it ; and thus a

fearful lesson is often given us of the peril of delaying until sickness comes that for which sickness may only render us less capable. But even when the pressure of the trial is less severe, such seasons are, to them, times of infinite disquiet and distress, and nothing more. The best blessings lie neglected at their door. They assent indeed to any amount of religious truth which may be brought before them, but without the least attempt to make it their own. Religion is to them, under such circumstances, a not unpleasant lullaby ; but they seek no good from it, and find none.

Others, less absorbed by their troubles, yet fail to perceive their need of them. It may be that for months, or even years, they are bearing the burthen of some sickness, some grievous loss, or some deep disappointment, and yet they have not found out the secret of all this affliction. They have not thought of it as meant to bring them nearer to God, but are tempted to complain of the severity of what seems to them purposeless suffering.

Alas ! there are some, who, going still beyond this, do not fear to speak of God's visitation as cruel and unjust, and even as it were a personal unkindness.

Nor, on the other hand, are there wanting those who receive affliction with a strange sort of satisfaction, almost as if it had in it,—what of course none of our sufferings ever can have,—some power of atonement : and who feel that it is well to have, as they will sometimes say, all their punishment in this

life, and thus to pay the penalty of their sins now, rather than face the tremendous future.

Against these various and opposite errors the comprehensive injunction seems directed—"My son, *despise not* thou the chastening of the Lord, neither *faint* when thou art rebuked of Him." And they are met by the assurances of God's word, that affliction is His discipline ; that "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth :" that it is sent "for our profit, that we may be partakers of His holiness :" and that it comes from the very same good and gracious Lord who has already Himself made satisfaction for our sins. It is not therefore to be slighted,—it is not objectless,—far less can it be cruel and unjust,—neither is it possible that it should have any atoning efficacy.

Meantime there is much that must ever be mysterious to us in the distribution of suffering. We perceive that a large portion of it follows upon evil doing as its consequence ; as when disease is the result of excess, or poverty pursues the spendthrift. But much remains for which we cannot thus account. It is clearly not apportioned according to any law that we can assign of retributive punishment. We cannot determine, from a comparison of the characters of any two men, the amount of trouble which will be sent to each. It is enough for us to know, that when God sends affliction to the faithful, it has relation not so much to the respective demerits, as to the positive necessities and capacities of those

to whom it is appointed : and thus that He ordains for every individual Christian that extent of suffering which is best for him, and no more ; combining in some inscrutable way all that the highest interests of His whole Church requires, with the wisest provision for the needs of each of her members.

But though sorrow and pain “shall work together for good to them that love God,” yet we cannot with confidence expect that they will be made blessings to those who, in their more prosperous days, neglect the training and instruction which He has provided for us in our daily duties, in the relations of life, through the dispensations of His Providence, and by the means of grace. The calls to repentance and to holiness, the messages of mercy and love, and all the revelations of the mind and will of God, are not sent to us in the time of affliction only. They are with us continually, although it is often in affliction that the ear is readiest to catch their tones, when the world’s turmoil is hushed around the sick-bed. The heavenly voice is often first heard in some hour of darkness and perplexity, but we must listen for it again and again, amidst all the circumstances of ordinary life, if we would have it make us wise unto salvation. “He wakeneth *morning by morning*, he wakeneth mine ear to hear as the learned.” It would well accord with our unwatchful and slothful tendencies to take shelter, in the day of prosperity, under another belief, and to say that as trouble, which comes to all, must some time come to us, then, when it does come,

will be just the time for religious progress, and meanwhile “a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep.”

Man’s work is commonly done by interrupted efforts and sudden puttings forth of visible endeavour. But amidst the works of God all is steady, continual progression; “first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear.” Indeed, the Divine injunction, “*Grow* in grace,” and many others in Holy Scripture, bring before us these analogies of nature, as if to lead us to an imitation, in our spiritual life, of the Divine pattern. But it is this which is so difficult: any sacrifice, any labour which, once performed, we could rest from and have done with, we are ready for; but we are not ready for this daily, never-ending task.

But if we may not regard the time of affliction or trial as the only time in which we are to look for Divine instruction, so it is most dangerous to slight or put from us the good which such a season is meant to bring. We may persuade ourselves that there is little to be done then but to learn the one lesson of endurance; and that if we have but passed through our grief or sickness with few complainings, we are as much benefited as we could be by it. Yet this were but a scanty advantage, compared with those which we are encouraged to expect. Let us form a far larger and worthier estimate of what God has prepared for us in this visitation; of what we should long for, and strive after, as its result.—For affliction is meant to discipline the whole man; to

bring out the several graces of the Christian character,—“tribulation working patience,” not as a single and separate work, but in such wise that “patience worketh experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit which is given us.” What a harvest of blessings this one passage of Scripture exhibits to us as springing from affliction:—and indeed is it not written, that “afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby?” Consider also David’s testimony: “Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept Thy word.” How much is there not implied in this, of subsequent persevering diligence, of daily self-denial and watchfulness, of faithful service, of holy obedience. Surely it is most evident that the training of affliction is meant to produce in us great and lasting results.

Has then affliction fallen upon you?—Say first, “‘It is the Lord. Let Him do what seemeth Him good.’ It is THE LORD. And with Him are infinite wisdom, power, and love; therefore let Him do what seemeth Him good: He best—nay, Healone—knows what to do for and with me.”—We are in danger at such times of looking away from Him, and thinking only of second causes, greatly disquieting ourselves by doing so. We reflect with bitter anguish, that but for some untoward circumstance, some precaution neglected, some one little thing done or left undone, all might now be well with us. Vain

thoughts,—which yet perseveringly return to haunt us : surely most vain : for it is the good and merciful Lord who has appointed the trial, and He might as easily have brought it about in any one of a thousand other ways.

It is the Lord :—and remember how in the night-storm on the sea, when the disciples' hearts failed them for fear of that dim mysterious form which drew near, half hidden by the darkness, the voice of their Master spoke instant peace : “It is I, be not afraid.” If you indeed know who it is that cometh to you upon the waves of these afflictions, amidst the darkness of this trial, you will not be dismayed.

You are not forbidden the natural outpouring of sorrow : for “Jesus wept.” What an unspeakable blessing in the day of adversity to know that our Lord, who is very and Eternal God, is also most truly man ; that He is acquainted with grief, having taken it to His bosom for long years that He might *experience* what it was ; and is so touched with a feeling of our infirmities, that there is not a throb of anguish, not a pang of mental or physical pain, which we may not bring to Him for sympathy. He knows all, He has felt all, He can heal all.

The world, after its fashion, will offer consolation, and tell you that others suffer still more, and that things might have been worse ; some greater evil might have befallen you. These are in themselves but comfortless thoughts, and there is nothing helpful in the strange unconscious half-athesim, from

which they often spring ; as if man was the plaything of blind destiny, instead of a being experiencing the love and compassion of the merciful God. But you will find a Christian meaning for what is thus ignorantly said, and will mark with gratitude how the goodness of our blessed Lord has indeed shielded you from the many aggravations which might have accompanied your sorrow, and how He has provided for you many unexpected alleviations instead.

Numberless circumstances, each perhaps small in itself, but full of meaning, will combine to show you, that you are not forsaken in this time of trial. Many of God's promises, too, will now seem as if they had been written especially for your consolation. Some of these will assure you of His presence during affliction :—“ When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee ; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee : when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned ; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour.”¹—Others will direct you to the true source of strength : “ Cast thy burthen upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee.”² “ He giveth power to the faint ; to them that have no might He increaseth strength :”³ “ Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”⁴—Some will remind you of the parental character of God : “ Like as a father pitieith his children, so the Lord pitieith them that

¹ Is. xlvi. 2.

² Ps. lv. 22.

³ Is. xl. 29.

⁴ St. Matt. xi. 28.

fear Him. For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust.”¹ Others will teach you that it is the very love whereby you were at the first adopted into His family that now moves Him to employ this needful discipline:—“Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth.”²

Your chiefest and most earnest desire will be to gain from this trial, whatever it may be, all the good which it is meant to convey. God forbid that it should pass away without having accomplished its purpose. For such visitations of affliction never leave any man exactly where he was before. Either they advance him on his heavenward way, teach him to live above the world’s slavery, and nerve him for his daily conflicts: or else, when slighted, they render his condition far less hopeful; the chains of earth press more heavily, and the heart sinks down into a deeper slumber than ever. It is thus that afflictions are such turning-points in a life’s history; to many they are most abundantly blessed; the holiest and the best are, through God’s grace, made better by them: to many, alas! they are but occasions of still further alienation from God.

But you will inquire what, under these circumstances of trial, you are to do; what are the means by which you are to seek for the blessings you desire to obtain. For you clearly perceive that the mere presence of this trial cannot possibly benefit or bless you, but that it must be in some way made use of.

¹ Ps. cii. 13, 14.

² Heb. xii. 5, 6.

First, then, let it be to you an occasion of approaching to God with a quickened diligence and a more confiding love. Cultivate habits of devotion; so essential to the peace and health of your soul. Pray much and earnestly; that He would graciously "sanctify this His fatherly correction to you,"—that He would "renew in you whatsoever hath been decayed by the fraud and malice of the devil, or by your own carnal will and frailness,"—that while you live "you may live to Him, and be an instrument of His glory, by serving Him faithfully, and doing good in your generation,"—that He may give you "a right understanding of yourself, and of His threats and promises,"—that He may be Himself "your defence, and make you know and feel that there is none other name under heaven given to man, in whom and through whom you may receive health and salvation, but only the name of our Lord Jesus Christ."¹

The languor and weariness of extreme illness will sometimes form a serious hindrance to frequent and collected prayer. Yet this should be earnestly combated with, and may often in a great measure be overcome. Where the exhaustion is very great, and the powers of speech and almost of connected thought really fail, God will graciously accept, for prayer, the looking of the heart towards Him; for "He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are but dust."

Go continually to the blessed word of God for

¹ Prayer Book. Visitation of the Sick.

guidance and consolation : let it be "a lantern to your feet, and a light unto your path." Be a frequent and faithful partaker of the Holy Eucharist, to "the strengthening and refreshing of your soul." If you are debarred by sickness or infirmity from frequenting the public services of the Church, yet be often in spirit with those who go up to the house of the Lord, following them with your prayers and sympathy. You are not forgotten there, where remembrance is made before God of the weariness of the bed of pain, and the loneliness of the aching heart. For you supplication is made in those prayers which are offered up for all "who are afflicted and distressed in mind, body, or estate ;" for all "that are in danger, necessity, or tribulation ;" for all "who are in trouble, sorrow, need, sickness, or any other adversity."

Meantime you will remember to what end these means are designed to conduct you. You will then most highly appreciate them, when you know them but as means ; when you feel that sacraments, and prayers, and God's word, will fail utterly of their object if they do not produce in you, through the blessed Spirit working in and by them, conformity of heart and life to the holy will of God.

This is the great purpose to be accomplished in each one of us. For this were we born into the world ; for this have we been kept in life hitherto ; for this our Lord Jesus Christ gave Himself for us, that "He might purify to Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works ;" that "denying ungodliness

and worldly lusts, we might live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world ;" that being justified for His merit sake, we might, as becomes His ransomed people, "glorify God in our body, and in our spirit, which are God's."

But you ask how, in the sick chamber to which, it may be, you are confined—how, in the narrow span which, perhaps, is all that is left to you of life, you can thus glorify God.

If yours is a truly teachable spirit, this question will be soon answered. You will soon learn that sickness and sorrow bring with them peculiar duties and responsibilities. He to whom you belong will give you not only patience to suffer, but strength to do : and as this strength increases, your sphere of action will enlarge itself around you. In protracted sickness how many are the trials through which you have to pass ; how many victories over self you have to win. How much is there for which your sick room is perhaps the very fittest place, with the multiplied occasions which it affords for the full exercise of Faith, and Hope, and Love.

For this is not, in truth, a narrow sphere in which God has placed you. You know how that some even of the lowest forms of heathenism witness to the great truth, that man's heart is ever craving for union with a nature higher than his own : and you know too, that the necessity, the provision for, and the conditions of this union form the main subject of God's revelation to man.

If you, on that bed of suffering, are learning by experience the full blessing of this unspeakable union, you will not complain that your circle of privilege and duty is too limited. You are not left there alone ; some better portion is yours than the cold abstractions of a false philosophy, which, because it has caught some faint and broken echoes of the Christian truth, still speaks of goodness, virtue, and purity, but which never leads man to Him who is the Good, the Holy, and the Pure ; and which cannot offer even the poorest substitute for the presence of that living Friend, union and communion with whom is the deepest reality of the Christian life.

Perhaps those who are suffering from protracted sickness have most need to watch against that cold exclusive temper of mind which would tempt them to put away every thing which does not seem to bear directly on their own separate religious condition. Such a temper would greatly impede your progress, and weaken your spiritual life ; while it would rob you of that true fellowship with the family of Christ, for which the Church, as we have already seen, has made provision in her special remembrances of you and of your sufferings ; and would close your heart against her loving sympathy. Be, on the contrary, drawn out of yourself towards others, participate in their interests, pray for them and seek their good, and set yourself to lessen the weight of sin and suffering around you. Doubtless you can do much to benefit and bless your brethren ;

by your example, by your influence, by direct or indirect teaching, by a right use of money—perhaps by ways which do not discover themselves to you, until you have made some resolute advance in this path of duty. However limited your range may be (the more limited from the circumstances of your broken health), yet you will always find some within your reach to whom you may exhibit this gracious and loving spirit; your own immediate family, the friends who visit your sick chamber, the servants who minister to your wants. Assume no functions, undertake no duties beyond those which belong to “that state of life to which it has pleased God to call you.” But in that state you will find, if you seek, abundant employment. Such engagements will supply the best defence against the many forms of selfishness which beset the hours of sickness; and that some preservative is then needed, they who watch over their hearts under such circumstances can abundantly testify. In these pursuits you will find a source of true and sustained cheerfulness, most unlike that false and transient excitement with which the world seeks to dissipate the thoughts of the sorrowful and suffering.

But, whether doing or enduring, beware of fancying that you have a fund of faith, or hope, or patience, laid up within, to which you can always resort, and independent of Him who supplies by His Spirit daily strength to His people. For in the moment that you look from Him to yourself, you

will find yourself left alone with impatience and distrust, and ready to sink under the burthen of those cares which He would have borne for you.

Life to others is very bright, notwithstanding your distress. Let not the contrast between their condition and your own hinder your being cheered by the happiness around you. If God is with you in your sorrow, pray that He may be with them in their joy. If some have wept with you who weep, endeavour on your part to rejoice with them that do rejoice. It may cost you at first a struggle before you can fully sympathize in their happiness. But the effort will daily become less : let it not be seen of men, and thus become poisoned by that selfish littleness which evermore claims notice of the sacrifices it makes.

Nor should we close our hearts against the marvellous beauty of God's creation which lies around us. The clouds of sorrow must not so come down upon us as utterly to obscure that reflexion of Him which yet is left to us here. The perfection of its first days is indeed gone, and with fallen man it "groaneth and travaileth together" in mysterious sympathy. But it is still most beautiful. We may neither form a fanciful mock-religion for ourselves out of our admiration for "the things that are seen," which cannot of course satisfy the needs of an immortal spirit ; nor yet turn coldly away from God's great works. Ours should be, in this, the safer path of humility and faith ; and we should rejoice in them as what our Master's hands have made.

They are evidences of His power, and witnesses of His love ; and it is good for us to live under their calming and elevating influences.

Many of those who will read these pages have already, I trust, gained the truest and best blessings from the afflictions which have been sent to them. If this be your case, how full even this present time is of encouragement and of blessing. Could you formerly have imagined that under these circumstances of pain and grief—when all around is dark—all within could ever be so full of light? True to His promises, God is now blessing you with that peace which passeth all understanding, and which abides with you undiminished amidst all the vicissitudes of life.

Are you sometimes filled with longings to depart—to leave all this suffering behind, and to pass from the strife of the battle-field to the rest of the victors? Yet remember that you are “immortal till your work is done.” One can imagine what it must be for you, lying now at the very gates of Paradise, to be obliged to take up again the burthen of life, and to look forward to long years here, amongst us whose sky is so often dimmed by temptation, grief, and weariness. But do not be discouraged; for if you are giving yourself truly to the service of God, your Lord shall lead you, and the wilderness and the solitary place shall be gladdened by His presence. In joy and in grief you shall find Him near; your strength in temptation, your shield in

danger, your guide in difficulty. You long now to be with Him ; but all along the journey of life He will be with you—your unseen but ever-present Defence.

Wait then His time in whose unchangeable faithfulness is all your trust. Consider the immeasurable depths of His wisdom. You cannot assign the limits of time, place, or circumstance, within which He may design to work His sovereign will in you. After marvelling long at the character and duration of this trial, perhaps a ray of light may touch some object before unnoticed, and reveal all that has been hitherto hidden in such darkness. Can you say that you have yet received the full measure of blessing which this affliction was designed to bring ? Perhaps the well-being of others depends, far more than you can know or even imagine, on the prolongation of this trial to you ; since one of the strongest evidences of the reality and power of religion is seen in the constancy of the faithful in the midst of suffering, and in the good which God brings for them out of such seeming evil.

We are encompassed by many living witnesses in the Church, who, having long endured tribulation, can bear testimony to the power of His sustaining love now, from the midst of their trials ; while others, who once gave their testimony to the same truth, have been one by one called away to exchange that condition in which they received from their Lord sympathy in suffering, for that in which they are made partakers of His joy.

Our Lord is carrying on this work from age to age before the eyes of the Church. Doubtless there are some to whom you are thus appointed as a witness :—to but few perhaps—yet if but to one, be thankful that to you it is assigned to strengthen that one in the faith.

If this book should help you to interpret truly the meaning of God's afflictive dispensations, teaching you in any measure their nature, purposes, and effects ; and leading you to look through their outward show of mere pain and loss to their inner significance and real character—if thus you are confirmed in an humble, holy confidence in God, and are quickened to a more diligent following of Him—if you perceive that while every trial is attended by its peculiar duties and responsibilities, it brings with it heavenly blessings also ; and if the practical knowledge of these truths should lead you, by His grace, to a closer and more abiding union with Him, then indeed the object of these pages will have been fully accomplished. May He graciously allow this blessed issue. May your heart be cheered and encouraged by His promises, and may you look beyond these hours of trial to the hope set before you in the Gospel. The Lord is indeed at hand. He is returning to His waiting Church. We know neither the day nor the hour—but He brings with Him everlasting joy for all them that love His appearing. “I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people,

and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes ; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain : for the former things are passed away."

T. V. FOSBERY.

WESTCLIFFE, ISLE OF WIGHT,
April 19th, 1844.

IN preparing the following Hymns and Poems for the use of the Sick and Suffering, it was natural to turn to what the Church had done for her afflicted members, and to try whether the services which she has provided for their benefit could not, at least in part, be made available in connexion with this Volume of Sacred Poetry.

The Offices for the Visitation and Communion of the Sick, in the Prayer Book, are conceived in a spirit of such true sympathy with the suffering, and so combine the deepest devotion with the wisest and most faithful instruction, as to render them in sickness and sorrow inestimably precious. The exhortations and prayers in the former of these services are here placed, in their due order, one before every section into which the volume is divided ; and a sentence, taken from this, forms the heading to each of the several poems contained in the section. These sentences give to the poems remarkable significance and definiteness of application.

The Rubrics, which are unusually full and in-

structive,—the Absolution,—and the Communion Service, all which necessarily imply the presence of the minister, are not thus employed.

Those who may first learn, perhaps in solitude, from these pages, the great blessing provided for them in the Service for the Visitation of the Sick, will be, I trust, amongst the most desirous, as certainly they will be the best prepared, to avail themselves, when they can do so, of the presence and ministrations of such as are “over them in the Lord”—ministering to them in the words or in the spirit of this beautiful Service, as their respective necessities may require.

In compiling this volume, I have but assisted one to whom it owes its chief value, and who “having learned from the Service for the Visitation of the Sick the meaning and value of sickness, earnestly desires to recommend the frequent perusal of that Service to the sick and suffering members of Christ’s body.”

There are here two hundred and twenty-six separate pieces. Of this number ninety-three are by writers who lived prior to the eighteenth century: the rest are modern. The poems of George Herbert, by which, says Walton, “he hath comforted and raised many a dejected and discomposed soul,” are peculiarly suitable for the purposes of this work. But as he is the best known of all the older sacred poets, it did not seem desirable to insert very many of his poems. There are accordingly only fourteen in this volume, and to those best acquainted with their value this will seem but a small number.

From the works of Henry Vaughan nineteen poems have been selected. This writer, a few of whose poems have of late years been reprinted in different collections, deserves to be far better known. He was born on the banks of the Usk, in Brecknockshire, in 1621; and because that part of Wales was anciently peopled by the Silures, he was quaintly styled the Silurist. Though then very young, he was engaged in the study of the law in London, at the breaking out of the great rebellion. But he was immediately taken home by his friends, and there in tranquil retirement "he followed the pleasant paths of poetry and philology." He soon exchanged the law for physic, in which he became eminently skilled, and spent the greater part of his useful and happy life near his native place in Brecknockshire, where he died in 1695.

Vaughan ever held the memory of George Herbert in affectionate reverence. He could have known him only by his works, as Herbert died when Vaughan was very young; but in the preface to one of his books, speaking of the success of the former in purifying the stream of song, he calls him "the blessed man, Mr. George Herbert;—whose holy life and verse," he adds, "gained many pious converts, of whom I am the least."

The sacred poetry of the age of Herbert and Vaughan is becoming daily better known, and more truly appreciated. Its occasional conceits and obscurity do not hinder men from acknowledging its fulness, purity, and truth. To some few, however,

this old poetry may seem at first harsh and strange—their taste having been formed in a different school. Such readers will be amply repaid for whatever effort it may cost them to grapple with its first difficulties.

There is much and precious instruction to be gathered amongst these old poems. They have a strength and depth in them which many more graceful verses have not. They enshrine thoughts worthy to be treasured up in the heart, instead of feebly expressing—with much reiteration—what may be called the sentimentality of religion. The love of God was not to these men a passing emotion ; it was their principle of life. They and their works should be had in honour amongst us.

The poems of Herbert in this volume are reprinted from the edition of 1641, but the modern spelling of later editions has been followed.

Many of Vaughan's poems were transcribed at first from the copy of the first edition (1650) of his "*Silex Scintillans, or Sacred Poetry and Private Ejaculations*," in the British Museum Library ; but the second, which appeared in his lifetime (1655), and is probably the more correct, and which also contains about fifty additional poems, has since been consulted ; for which purpose it was kindly lent by its possessor, the Rev. H. F. Lyte. It is a rare and valuable book. The old spelling has here been retained, except where there seemed any risk of its obscuring the sense.

Nothing has been taken from the writings of any living English poet without the author's express

permission, which has always been most readily and kindly granted. Those poems which have not before been published are distinguished by an asterisk prefixed to each. Two of them, however, viz., those at pp. 41 and 123, had already been printed for private circulation.

Where only part of a short poem has been retained, the word "Part" is prefixed to the portion thus selected. But no liberty has been taken with the poetry itself. The words of the several writers (in the case of some living authors with their latest corrections) have been faithfully given in every instance. Not one word in the whole volume has been knowingly and wilfully altered.

In a very few instances it was found necessary to trust, at least for the present, to compilations; but wherever it was possible, the best editions of the author's works have been consulted.

T. V. F.

NOTE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

To the two hundred and twenty-six pieces of the former edition, all of which are here retained, seven others have been added, which will be found at pp. 253, 257, 260, 262, 266, 270, 301. The work has been carefully revised, and a few changes, chiefly verbal, have been made in the introductory address.

T. V. F.

SUNNINGDALE,
May 2, 1850.

HYMNS AND POEMS

Peace be to this house, and to all that dwell in it.

Remember not, Lord, our iniquities, nor the iniquities of our forefathers: Spare us, good Lord, spare Thy people, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy most precious blood, and be not angry with us for ever.

Answer. Spare us, good Lord.

Peace be to this house, and to all that dwell in it.

PEACE.

Henry Vaughan.

MY soul, there is a country
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged sentry
All skilful in the wars.
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.

He is thy gracious friend,
 And (O my soul, awake !)
 Did in pure love descend,
 To die here for thy sake.
 If thou canst get but thither,
 There grows the flower of peace,
 The rose that cannot wither,
 Thy fortress and thy ease.
 Leave then thy foolish ranges ;
 For none can thee secure,
 But One, who never changes,
 Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

Peace be to this house, and to all that dwell in it.

g. s.

THE more by thought thou leav'st the crowd
 behind,
 Draw near by deeper love to all thy kind ;
 So shall thy heart in lowly peace be still,
 And earthly wisdom serve a Heavenly will.

g. s.

NO holier truth has reached us from above
 Than this, Love errs not but by want of
 Love.

Peace be to this house, and to all that dwell in it.

J. S. Monsell.

BIRDS have their quiet nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed ;
All creatures have their rest,—
But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

Winds have their hour of calm,
And waves, to slumber on the voiceless deep :
Eve hath its breath of balm,
To hush all senses and all sounds to sleep.

The wild deer hath his lair,
The homeward flocks the shelter of their shed ;
All have their rest from care,—
But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

And yet He came to give
The weary and the heavy-laden rest ;
To bid the sinner live,
And soothe our griefs to slumber on His breast.

What then am I, my God,
Permitted thus the paths of peace to tread ?
Peace, purchased by the blood
Of Him who had not where to lay His head !

I, who once made Him grieve ;
I, who once bid His gentle spirit mourn ;
Whose hand essayed to weave
For His meek brow the cruel crown of thorn :—

O why should I have peace?
 Why? but for that unchanged, undying love,
 Which would not, could not cease,
 Until it made me heir of joys above.

Yes! but for pardoning grace,
 I feel I never should in glory see
 The brightness of that face,
 That once was pale and agonized for me!

Let the birds seek their nest,
 Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed;
 Come, Saviour, in my breast
 Deign to repose Thine oft rejected head!

Come! give me rest, and take
 The only rest on earth Thou lovest,—within
 A heart, that for Thy sake
 Lies bleeding, broken, penitent for sin.

Remember not, Lord, our iniquities.

SIGHS AND GROANS.

George Herbert.

O DO not use me
 After my sins! look not on my desert,
 But on Thy glory; then Thou wilt reform,
 And not refuse me. For Thou only art
 The mighty God; but I, a silly worm;
 O do not bruise me!

O do not urge me !
For what account can Thy ill steward make ?
I have abused Thy stock, destroyed Thy woods,
Sucked all Thy magazines. My head did ache
Till it found out how to consume Thy goods ;
O do not scourge me !

O do not blind me !
I have deserved that an Egyptian night
Should thicken all my powers, because my lust
Hath still sewed fig-leaves to exclude Thy light.
But I am frailty, and already dust ;
O do not grind me !

O do not fill me
With the turned vial of Thy bitter wrath ;
For Thou hast other vessels, full of blood,
A part whereof my Saviour emptied hath,
Even unto death. Since He died for my good,
O do not kill me !

But O reprieve me !
For Thou hast life and death at Thy command ;
Thou art both Judge and Saviour, Feast and Rod,
Cordial and Corrosive. Put not Thy hand
Into the bitter box ; but, O my God,
My God, relieve me !

Remember not, Lord, our iniquities.

LAMENTATION OF A SINNER.

"Hymns of the Primitive Church."

•

O LORD, turn not Thy face away
From him that lies prostrate,
Lamenting sore his sinful life,
Before Thy mercy-gate,—

Which Thou dost open wide to those
Who do lament their sin :
O shut it not against me, Lord,
But let me enter in.

Call me not to a strict account
How I have lived here ;
For then I know right well, O Lord,
How vile I shall appear.

I need not to confess my life ;
For surely Thou canst tell
What I have been : and what I am
Thou knowest very well.

O Lord, I need not to repeat
What I do beg and crave ;
For Thou dost know before I ask,
The thing that I would have.

Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
This is the total sum :
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit ;
O let Thy mercy come.

Remember not, Lord, our iniquities,
Nor the iniquities of our forefathers.

REPENTANCE.

George Herbert.

LORD, I confess my sin is great ;
Great is my sin. O gently treat
With Thy quick flower, Thy momentary bloom !
Whose life, still pressing,
Is one undressing,
A steady aiming at a tomb.

Man's age is two hours' work, or three ;
Each day doth round about us see.
Thus are we to delights : but we are all
To sorrows old,
If life be told
From what life feeleth, Adam's fall.

O let thy height of mercy then
Compassionate short-breathed men.
Cut me not off for my most foul transgression :
I do confess
My foolishness :
My God, accept of my confession.

Sweeten, at length, this bitter bowl,
Which Thou hast poured into my soul:
Thy wormwood turn to health; winds to fair
weather;
For if Thou stay,
I and this day,
As we did rise, we die, together.

When Thou for sin rebukest man,
Forthwith he waxeth woe and wan:
Bitterness fills our bowels; all our hearts
Pine and decay,
And drop away,
And carry with them the other parts.

But Thou wilt sin and grief destroy;
That so the broken bones may joy,
And tune together in a well-set song,
Full of His praises
Who dead men raises.—
Fractures well cured make us more strong.

Let us pray.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Christ, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Our Father, which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, As it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation : But deliver us from evil. Amen.

THE SHORTER LITANY.

Minister. O Lord, save Thy servant ;

Answer. Which putteth his trust in Thee.

M. Send him help from Thy holy place ;

A. And evermore mightily defend him.

M. Let the enemy have no advantage of him ;

A. Nor the wicked approach to hurt him.

M. Be unto him, O Lord, a strong tower,

A. From the face of his enemy.

M. O Lord, hear our prayers.

A. And let our cry come unto Thee.

Let us pray.*R. C. Trench.*

ORD, what a change within us one short hour
 Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make,
 What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,
 What parchèd grounds refresh, as with a shower !
 We kneel, and all around us seems to lower ;
 We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
 Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear ;
 We kneel, how weak, we rise, how full of power.
 Why therefore should we do ourselves this wrong,
 Or others—that we are not always strong,
 That we are ever overborne with care,
 That we should ever weak or heartless be,
 Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
 And joy and strength and courage are with Thee ?

Let us pray.

PRAYER.

LUKE xxii. 46.

E. M.

ART thou a pilgrim and alone ?
 Far from the home once called thine own ?
 From friendship's faithful bosom wrested,
 In stranger hands thy comforts vested,
 Thy life a cheerless wintry day
 Unlit by sunshine ?—Rise and pray !

Smiled on thee once the bliss of earth,
And glittering joys of transient worth ?
Hast thou adored some idol shrine,
Or bent has many a knee at thine ?
Faded these creatures of a day,
What hast thou left ?—Arise and pray !

Or hast thou, driven by deepest woe,
Thy soul's sure refuge learned to know ?
And every storm of life would meet
Beneath the sheltering Mercy-Seat ?
Whether in youth, or life's decay,
Thy lot is blest—thou lovest to pray ?

But haply thou, even thou hast found
Religion's consecrated ground
With sorrows and with snares beset,
Which, though the Almighty Sufferer met
To conquer, we must yet obey
His welcome mandate—Rise and pray !

O mournful lot to mortals given,
Might not the wingèd thought to Heaven
Amidst opposing myriads rise
To claim its refuge in the skies !
“Where is thy God ?” whilst mockers say,
To Him mounts up the soul to pray !

Though, mingled in one bitter draught,
Thou every earthly woe hast quaffed ;

Around, though enemies prevail,
And darts from cherished friends assail ;
These but in image faint pourtray
His griefs, who bids thee rise and pray !

Ev'n should that direst hour be thine,
When in the darkening Heavens no sign
Appears ;—but thou in combat fell
Must meet the adverse hosts of hell,
O never cast the hope away,
While thou canst lift thy heart to pray.

With tears, with bitterest agony
The Saviour wrestled, Soul ! for thee,
Ere He could all-triumphant rise
To plead the accepted sacrifice ;
So, till the world shall pass away,
Shall stand His words—“ Arise and pray ! ”

Let us pray.

PRAYER.

Cowper.

WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat !
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there ?

Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,

Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright ;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side ;
But when through weariness they failed,
That moment Amalek prevailed.¹

Have you no words ? O think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,—
“ Hear what the Lord hath done for me ! ”

¹ Exod. xvii. 11, 12.

Lord, have mercy upon us.
 Christ, have mercy upon us.
 Lord, have mercy upon us.

DIVINE EJACULATION.

John Quarles.

CREAT God, whose sceptre rules the earth,
 Distil Thy fear into my heart,
 That being rapt with holy mirth
 I may proclaim how good Thou art ;
 Open my lips, that I may sing
 Full praises to my God, my King.

Great God, Thy garden is defaced,
 The weeds thrive there, Thy flowers decay ;
 O call to mind Thy promise past,
 Restore Thou them, cut these away :
 Till then let not the weeds have power
 To starve or stint the poorest flower.

In all extremes, Lord, Thou art still
 The Mount whereto my hopes do flee ;
 O make my soul detest all ill,
 Because so much abhorred by Thee :
 Lord, let Thy gracious trials show
 That I am just, or make me so.

Shall mountain, desert, beast, and tree,
Yield to that heavenly voice of Thine ;
And shall that voice not startle me,
Nor stir this stone—this heart of mine ?
No, Lord, till Thou new-bore mine ear,
Thy voice is lost, I cannot hear.

Fountain of Light and living Breath,
Whose mercies never fail nor fade ;
Fill me with Life that hath no death,
Fill me with Light that hath no shade ;
Appoint the remnant of my days
To see Thy power, and sing Thy praise.

Lord God of gods—before whose throne
Stand storms and fire ! O what shall we
Return to Heaven, that is our own,
. When all the world belongs to Thee ?
We have no offering to impart,
But praises, and a wounded heart.

O Thou that sitt'st in Heaven, and seest
My deeds without, my thoughts within—
Be Thou my Prince, be Thou my Priest,
Command my soul, and cure my sin :
How bitter my afflictions be
I care not, so I rise to Thee.

What I possess, or what I crave,
Brings no content, great God, to me,
If what I would, or what I have,
Be not possest, and blest in Thee :

What I enjoy, O make it mine,
In making me, that have it, Thine.

When winter-fortunes cloud the brows
Of summer-friends,—when eyes grow strange ;
When plighted faith forgets its vows ;
When earth and all things in it change :
O Lord, Thy mercies fail me never—
Where once Thou lovest, Thou lovest for
ever.

Great God, whose kingdom hath no end ;
Into whose secrets none can dive ;
Whose mercy none can apprehend ;
Whose justice none can feel—and live ;
What my dull heart cannot aspire
To know, Lord, teach me to admire !

Hallowed be Thy Name.

THE ELIXIR.

George Herbert.

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see ;
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for Thee :

Not rudely, as a beast,
To run into an action ;
But still to make Thee prepossess,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass,
 On it may stay his eye ;
 Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
 And then the Heaven espy.

All may of Thee partake :
 Nothing can be so mean,
 Which, with this tincture,—FOR THY SAKE,
 Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant, with this clause,
 Makes drudgery divine :
 Who sweeps a room, as for 'Thy laws,
 Makes that, and the action, fine.

This is the famous stone
 That turneth all to gold ;
 For that which God doth touch and own,
 Cannot for less be told.

Thy will be done.

C. E.

MY God, my Father, while I stray
 Far from my home in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say—
 “ Thy will be done ! ”

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
 Let me be still and murmur not ;
 And breathe the prayer divinely taught,—
 “ Thy will be done ! ”

What though in lonely grief I sigh,
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,—
“Thy will be done !”

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine ;
I only yield Thee what was Thine :
“Thy will be done !”

Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father—still I'll strive to say,—
“Thy will be done !”

If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest :—
“Thy will be done !”

Renew my will from day to day ;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say—
“Thy will be done !”

Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mix'd with tears before,
I'll sing, upon a happier shore,—
“Thy will be done !”

Give us this day our daily bread.

THE HOLDFAST.

George Herbert.

I THREATENED to observe the strict decree
Of my dear God, with all my power and might :
But I was told by one, it could not be ;
Yet I might trust in God to be my light.

“ Then will I trust,” said I, “ in Him alone.”

Nay, e'en to trust in Him was also His :
We must confess that nothing is our own.

“ Then I confess that He my succour is.”

But to have nought is ours ; not to confess
That we have nought. I stood amazed at this ;
Much troubled : till I heard a friend express,
That all things were more ours by being His.
What Adam had, and forfeited for all,
Christ keepeth now, who cannot fail or fall.

¶ Lord, save Thy servant :
Which putteth his trust in Thee.

PSALM XXXI.

H. F. Lyte.

MY spirit on Thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline ;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For Thou art love divine.

In Thee I place my trust,
 On Thee I calmly rest ;
 I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
 And count Thy choice the best.

Whate'er events betide,
 Thy will they all perform :
 Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
 Nor fear the coming storm.

Let good or ill befall,
 It must be good for me ;
 Secure of having Thee in all,
 Of having all in Thee.

¶ Lord, save thy servant :
 Which putteth his trust in Thee.

C. E.

HOLY Saviour, friend unseen,
 Since on Thine arm Thou bidst me lean,
 Help me throughout life's varying scene,
 By faith to cling to Thee !

Blest with this fellowship divine,
 Take what Thou wilt, I'll ne'er repine.
 E'en as the branches to the vine,
 My soul would cling to Thee !

Far from her home, fatigued, opprest,
Here she has found her place of rest ;
An exile still, yet not unblest
While she can cling to Thee !

Without a murmur I dismiss
My former dreams of earthly bliss ;
My joy, my consolation this,
Each hour to cling to Thee !

What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove ;
With patient, uncomplaining love
Still would I cling to Thee !

Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in tenderest tone,
Whispers, " Still cling to ME ! "

Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside :
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee !

They fear not Satan or the grave,
They feel Thee near, and strong to save,
Nor fear to cross e'en Jordan's wave,
Because they cling to Thee !

Blest is my lot, whate'er befall :
 What can disturb me, what appal,
 Whilst as my Rock, my Strength, my All,
 Saviour, I cling to Thee ?

Send him help from Thy holy place :
 And evermore mightily defend him.

The Hours.

O GOD, the Lord of place and time,
 Who orderest all things prudently ;
 Brightening with beams the opening prime,
 And burning in the mid-day sky ;

Quench Thou the fires of hate and strife,—
 The wasting fever of the heart ;
 From perils guard our feeble life,
 And to our souls Thy peace impart.

This grace on Thy redeemed confer,—
 Father, co-equal Son,
 And Holy Ghost, the Comforter ;
 Eternal Three in One.

Let the enemy have no advantage of him :
Nor the wicked approach to hurt him.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

Spenser.

AND is there care in Heaven, and is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move ?
There is,—else much more wretched were the
cace
Of men than beasts. But, O the exceeding grace
Of highest God, that loves His creatures so,
And all His workes with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels He sends to and fro
To serve to wicked man, to serve His wicked foe !

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succour us that succour want ;
How oft do they with golden pineons cleave
The flitting Skyes, like flying pursuivant,
Against foule feendes to aid us militant :
They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant,
And all for love, and nothing for reward :
O why should heavenly God to man have such
regard !

Let the enemy have no advantage of him.

J. S.

FOR strength and not for fear, O Man ! is
given
The upward sense that lifts thy soul to Heaven.

J. S.

THOU canst not do the thing thou wouldest,
no doubt :
Could we do all we would, life's task were out.

Let the enemy have no advantage of him :
Nor the wicked approach to hurt him.

J. Chandler; from St. Ambrose.

O JESU, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou brightness of Thy Father's face,
Thou fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night !

Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down Thy radiance from above ;
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

And we the Father's help will claim,
And sing the Father's glorious name ;
His powerful succour we implore,
That we may stand, to fall no more.

May He our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness ;
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And bring us to a prosperous end.

May faith, deep rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds controul :
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

And Christ shall be our daily food,
Our daily drink His precious blood ;
And thus the Spirit's calm excess,
Shall fill our souls with holiness.

O hallowed be the approaching day !
Let meekness be our morning ray,
And faithful love our noon-day light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

O Christ, with each returning morn,
Thine image to our hearts is borne ;
O may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee.

Be unto him, O Lord, a strong tower, from the face of his enemy.

PSALM LVII.

Sandys.

O THOU from whom all mercy springs,
 Compassionate my sufferings,
 And pity me
 That trust in Thee !
 O shelter with Thy shady wings,
 Until these stormes of woe
 Cleare up, or overblow.

Thee I invoke, O Thou most High,
 Thou All-performer !—from the skie
 Thy angels send ;
 Let them defend
 My soule from him that would destroy :
 O send Thy mercy downe,—
 With Truth Thy promise crowne !

O Lord, hear our prayers ; And let our cry come unto Thee.

CHURCH LOCK AND KEY.

George Herbert.

I KNOW it is my sin which locks Thine ears,
 And binds Thy hands,
 Outcrying my requests, drowning my tears ;—
 Or else the chillness of my faint demands.

But as cold hands are angry with the fire,
And mend it still ;
So I do lay the want of my desire,
Not on my sins or coldness, but Thy will.

Yet hear, O GOD ! only for His blood's sake,
Which pleads for me ;
For though sins plead too, yet like stones they make
His blood's sweet current much more loud to be.

¶ Lord, hear our prayers ; And let our cry come unto Thee.

THE SUPPLIANT.

R. C. Trench.

A LL night the lonely suppliant prayed,
All night his earnest crying made,
Till standing by his side at morn,
The tempter said in bitter scorn,
“O peace :—what profit do you gain
From empty words and babblings vain ?
‘Come, Lord—O come !’ you cry alway !
You pour your heart out night and day ;
Yet still no murmur of reply,—
No voice that answers, ‘Here am I.’”

Then sank that stricken heart in dust,
That word had withered all its trust ;
No strength retained it now to pray,
While Faith and Hope had fled away :

And ill that mourner now had fared,
Thus by the tempter's art ensnared,
But that at length beside his bed
His sorrowing angel stood, and said,—
Doth it repent thee of thy love,
That never now is heard above
Thy prayer ; that now not any more
It knocks at Heaven's gate as before?"
—“I am cast out—I find no place,
No hearing at the throne of grace.
‘Come, Lord—O come !’ I cry alway,
I pour my heart out night and day,
Yet never until now have won
The answer—‘Here am I, my son.’”

—“O dull of heart ! enclosed doth lie,
In each ‘Come, Lord,’ an ‘Here am I.’
Thy love, thy longing, are not thine—
Reflections of a love divine :
Thy very prayer to thee was given,
Itself a messenger from Heaven.
Whom God rejects, they are not so ;
Strong bands are round them in their woe ;
Their hearts are bound with bands of brass,
That sigh or crying cannot pass.
All treasures did the Lord impart
To Pharaoh, save a contrite heart :
All other gifts unto his foes
He freely gives, nor grudging knows ;
But Love's sweet smart, and costly pain,
A treasure for his friends remain.

FIRST COLLECT.

¶ Lord, look down from heaven, behold, visit, and relieve this Thy servant. Look upon him with the eyes of Thy mercy, give him comfort and sure confidence in Thee, defend him from the danger of the enemy, and keep him in perpetual peace and safety ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

SECOND COLLECT.

Hear us, Almighty and most merciful God and Saviour ; extend Thy accustomed goodness to this Thy servant who is grieved with sickness. Sanctify, we beseech Thee, this Thy fatherly correction to him ; that the sense of his weakness may add strength to his faith, and seriousness to his repentance : That, if it shall be Thy good pleasure to restore him to his former health, he may lead the residue of his life in Thy fear, and to Thy glory : or else, give him grace so to take Thy visitation, that, after this painful life ended, he may dwell with Thee in life everlasting ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

¶ Lord, look down from heaven, behold, visit, and relieve
this Thy servant.

GRACE.

George Herbert.

MY stock lies dead, and no increase
Doth my dull husbandry improve :
O let Thy graces without cease
Drop from above.

If still the sun should hide his face,
Thy house would but a dungeon prove ;
Thy works, night's captives : O let grace
Drop from above.

The dew doth every morning fall ;
And shall the dew outstrip Thy Dove ?
The dew, for which grass cannot call,
Drop from above.

Death is still working like a mole,
And digs my grave at each remove ;
Let grace work too, and on my soul
Drop from above.

Sin is still hammering my heart
Unto a hardness void of love :
Let suppl'ing grace, to cross his art,
Drop from above.

O come, for Thou dost know the way ;
Or if to me Thou wilt not move,
Remove me where I need not say—
Drop from above.

¶ Lord, look down from heaven, behold, visit, and relieve
this Thy servant.

EVENING HYMN.

Flatman.

SLEEP, downy sleep ! come close my eyes,
Tired with beholding vanities :
Sweet slumbers, come and chase away
The toils and follies of the day ;
On your soft bosom will I lie,
Forget the world, and learn to die.
O Israel's watchful Shepherd, spread
Tents of angels round my bed ;
Let not the spirits of the air
While I slumber me ensnare ;
But save Thy suppliant free from harms,
Clasped in Thine everlasting arms.
Clouds and thick darkness are Thy throne,
Thy wonderful pavilion ;
O dart from thence a shining ray,
And then my midnight shall be day.
Thus when the morn, in crimson drest,
Breaks through the windows of the east,
My hymns of thankful praise shall rise
Like incense at the morning sacrifice.

Give him comfort and sure confidence in Thee.

COMFORT.

Elizabeth B. Barrett.

SPEAK to me, O my Saviour, low and sweet,
 From out the hallelujahs,—sweet and low,
 Lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee so,
 Who art not miss'd where faithful hearts intreat :
 Speak to me, as to Mary at Thy feet ;
 And if no precious gums my hands bestow,
 My tears fall fast, as amber. Let me go
 In reach of Thy divinest voice complete
 With humanest affection, there, in sooth,
 To lose the sense of losing, as a child,
 Its song-bird being lost, fled evermore,
 Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth ;
 Till sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,
 He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

Give him comfort and sure confidence in Thee.

PSALM XXIII.

"Psalter in English Verse."

MY Shepherd is the Lord ; I know
 No care or craving need :
 He lays me where the green herbs grow
 Along the quiet mead :

He leads me where the waters glide,
The waters soft and still,
And homeward He will gently guide
My wandering heart and will.

He brings me on the righteous path,
E'en for His Name's dear sake.
What if in vale and shade of Death
My dreary way I take ?

I fear no ill, for Thou, O God,
With me for ever art ;
Thy shepherd's staff, Thy guiding rod,
'Tis they console my heart.

For me Thy board is richly spread
In sight of all my foes,
Fresh oil of Thine embalms my head,
My cup of grace o'erflows.

O nought but love and mercy wait
Through all my life on me,
And I within my Father's gate
For long bright years shall be.

Defend him from the danger of the enemy, and keep him
in perpetual peace and safety.

PSALM III.

MORE THAN CONQUERORS.

Lewis Way.

O LORD ! when troublous billows roll,
A strange tempestuous sea,
My foes exclaim against my soul—
There is no help for thee !

Though they be many, Thou, O Lord,
Art still my sure defence ;
My glory, Thine eternal Word,
My shield, Omnipotence.

I cry to Thee with inward voice,
And Thou dost hear my call,
And cause my spirit to rejoice
Triumphant o'er them all.

I laid me down in peace, and slept,
From every terror free,
In strength renewed, in safety kept ;
The Lord sustained me.

He heard me from His holy hill,
Be gone, ye fears, be gone !
The Lord is round about me still,
The great, the mighty One !

Arise and save me, O my God !
Thy blessing give to me ;
My foes are fled before Thy rod,
Salvation is of Thee !

Defend him from the danger of the enemy, and keep him
in perpetual peace and safety.

"Hymns of the Primitive Church."

THOU brightness of Thy Father's face,
Thou Sun of heavenly day,
Thou Christ, whose gracious beams remove
The soul's dark shades away ;

The Sun is sunk ; the shadowy night
Is reigning in his room ;
Continue, Lord, Thy saving help,
And keep us through the gloom.

What though our eyes be sunk in sleep,
To Thee our hearts ascend :
Do Thou, with Thine Almighty hand,
Thy loving saints defend.

What though, by earthly woes oppressed,
The body wearied lies,
Yet may our spirit freely wing
Its passage to the skies.

O Thou, who art our only hope,
 Thy help we humbly crave ;
 Defend Thy blood-bought people, Lord,
 Whom Jesus died to save.

To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Holy Ghost,
 All glory be from saints on earth,
 And from the angel-host.

*Sanctify, we beseech Thee, this Thy fatherly correction
 to him.*

AFFLICTION.

(PART.)

George Herbert.

A FFILCTION then is ours.
 We are the trees whom shaking fastens more,
 While blust'ring winds destroy the wanton bowers,
 And ruffle all their curious knots and store.
 My God, so temper joy and woe,
 That Thy bright beams may tame Thy bow.

Sanctify, we beseech Thee, this Thy fatherly correction
to him.

A PRAYER.

Nicholas Breton.

PLANT, Lorde, in me the tree of godly lyfe,
Hedge me about with Thy strong fence of
faith ;
If Thee it please, use eke Thy pruning-knife,
Lest that, O Lord ! as a good gardiner saith—
If suckers draw the sappe from bowes on hie,
Perhaps in tyme the top of tree may die.
Let, Lord ! this tree be set within Thy garden-wall
Of Paradise, where growes no one ill sprig at all.

Sanctify, we beseech Thee, this Thy fatherly correction
to him.

JOB X. 2.

E. M.

O THOU ! whose gently chastening hand
In mercy deals the blow,
Make but Thy servant understand
Wherefore Thou lay'st me low !

I ask Thee not the rod to spare,
While thus Thy love I see ;
But O let every suffering bear
Some message, Lord, from Thee !

Perhaps an erring wish I knew
 To read my future fate,
 And Thou would'st say—"Thy days are few,
 And vain thy best estate!"

Perhaps Thy glory seemed my choice,
 Whilst I secured my own,
 And thus my kind Reprover's voice
 Tells me He works alone !

O silence Thou this murmuring will,
 Nor bid Thy rough wind stay,
 Till with a furnace hotter still
 My dross is purged away !

Sanctify, we beseech Thee, this Thy fatherly correction
 to him.

Francis Quarles.

MY soul, thy gold is true, but full of dross ;
 Thy Saviour's breath refines thee with
 some loss ;
 His gentle furnace makes thee pure as true ;
 Thou must be melted ere thou'rt cast anew.

J. S.

GOD only smites, that through the wounds of
 woe
 The healing balm He gives may inlier flow !

That the sense of his weakness may add strength to his faith.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

Wordsworth.

THE prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
If Thou the Spirit give by which I pray :
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
That of its native self can nothing feed :
Of good and pious works Thou art the seed,
That quickens only where Thou sayest it may :
Unless Thou show to us Thine own true way,
No man can find it : Father ! Thou must lead.
Do Thou then breathe those thoughts into my
mind,
By which such virtue may in me be bred,
That in Thy holy footsteps I may tread ;
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing of Thee,
And sound Thy praises everlastingly.

That the sense of his weakness may add strength to his faith.

Spenser.

WHAT man is he that boasts of fleshly might,
And vaine assurance of mortality.
Which all so soone as it doth come to fight
Against spirituall foes, yields by and by,

Or from the field most cowardly doth fly?
 Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
 That thorough grace hath gained victory:
 If any strength we have, it is to ill,
 But all the good is God's, both powre and eke the
 will.

Bishop Ken..

SUBMIT yourself to God, and you shall find,
 God fights the battles of a will resigned.

That the sense of his weakness may add strength to his faith,
 and seriousness to his repentance.

"Hymns of the Primitive Church."

OGOD of our salvation, Lord
 Of wond'rous power and love!
 May faith, salvation's holy seed,
 Be sent us from above.

'Tis faith that gives us strength to fight,
 That we our foes may quell;
 And with the shield of faith we quench
 The fiery darts of hell.

By faith we make our prayers to Thee,
 In that most holy Name,
 On which, for mercy and for peace,
 Hope rests her stedfast claim.

For that Name's sake, assist us, Lord,
To run our heavenward race ;
And O may no unholy life
Our holy faith disgrace.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise and glory given ;
Who pour into the hearts of men
True light and heat from heaven.

**That, after this painful life ended, he may dwell with Thee
in life everlasting.**

II. COR. V. 4

IN health, O Lord ! and prosperous days,
When worldly wealth or worldly praise,
When worldly thoughts have filled our heart,
We would not from the body part ;—
And then the very thought is loathed,
That we must be by death unclothed.

In sickness, sorrow, or in shame,
We fain would quit this mortal frame ;—
But thus to shrink from toil and pain,
This is not longing for Thy reign ;
Brought low, we only seek to be
Unclothed, not clothed upon by Thee.

O rather help us as we ought
To feel what Thine Apostle taught,—

That not for aye we seek to wear
This form of clay, corruption's heir,
Nor yet impatient ask alone
To be unclothed, but clothed upon !

O blessed Lord ! whose merits dress
Thy saints in robes of righteousness ;
Through whom for us eternal stands
That heavenly house not made with hands,--
When this frail dwelling sets us free,
Quench Thou in life mortality !

THE EXHORTATION.

FIRST PART.

Pearly beloved, know this, that Almighty God is the Lord of life and death, and of all things to them pertaining, as youth, strength, health, age, weakness, and sickness. Wherefore, whatsoever your sickness is, know you certainly, that it is God's visitation. And for what cause soever this sickness is sent unto you ; whether it be to try your patience for the example of others, and that your faith may be found in the day of the Lord laudable, glorious, and honourable, to the increase of glory and endless felicity ; or else it be sent unto you to correct and amend in you whatsoever doth offend the eyes of your heavenly Father ; know you certainly, that if you truly repent you of your sins, and bear your sickness patiently, trusting in God's mercy, for His dear Son Jesus Christ's sake, and render unto Him humble thanks for His fatherly visitation, submitting yourself wholly unto His will, it shall turn to your profit, and help you forward in the right way that leadeth unto everlasting life.

Dearly beloved, know this, that Almighty God is the Lord of life and death.

THE EVENING-WATCH.

A DIALOGUE.

Henry Vaughan.

Body.

FAREWELL ! I goe to sleep ; but when
The day-star springs, I'll wake agen.

Soul.

Goe, sleep in peace ; and when thou lyest
Unnumber'd in thy dust, when all this frame
Is but one dramme, and what thou now descriest
In sev'rall parts shall want a name,
Then may His peace be with thee, and each dust
Writ in His book, who ne'er betray'd man's trust !

Body.

Amen ! but hark, ere we two stray,
How many hours, dost think, till day ?

Soul.

Ah ! go ; thou'rt weak, and sleepie. Heav'n
Is a plain watch, and without figures winds
All ages up ; who drew this Circle, even
He fills it ; Dayes and hours are *Blinds*.
Yet this take with thee ; The last gasp of Time
Is thy first breath, and man's *eternall Prime*.

Almighty God is the Lord of life and death, and of all things to them pertaining, as youth, strength, health, age, weakness, and sickness.

"Hickes' Devotions."

MY God, to Thee ourselves we owe,
And to Thy bounty all we have ;
Behold to Thee our praises flow,
And humbly Thy acceptance crave.

If we are happy in a friend,
That very friend 'tis Thou bestow'st,
His power, his will to help our end,
Is just so much as Thou allow'st.

If we enjoy a free estate,
Our only title is from Thee ;
Thou madest our lot to bear that rate,
Which else an empty blank would be.

If we have health,—that well-tuned ground
Which gives the music to the rest,—
It is by Thee our air is sound,
Our food secured, our physic blest.

If we have hope one day to view
The glories of Thy blissful face,
Each drop of that refreshing dew
Must fall from Heaven and Thy free grace.

Thus then to Thee our praises bow,
 And humbly Thy acceptance crave ;
 Since 'tis to Thee ourselves we owe,
 And to Thy bounty all we have.

Glory to Thee, great God, alone,
 Three Persons in one Deity ;
 As it has been in ages gone,
 May now, and still for ever be.

Dearly beloved, know this, that Almighty God is the Lord
 of life and death, and of all things to them pertaining.

R. C. Trench.

THOU cam'st not to thy place by accident,
 It is the very place God meant for thee ;
 And shouldst thou there small scope for action see,
 Do not for this give room to discontent ;
 Nor let the time thou owest to God be spent
 In idly dreaming how thou mightest be,
 In what concerns thy spiritual life, more free
 From outward hindrance or impediment :
 For presently this hindrance thou shalt find
 That without which all goodness were a task
 So slight, that Virtue never could grow strong :
 And wouldst thou do one duty to His mind,
 The Imposer's—over-burdened thou shalt ask,
 And own thy need of grace to help, ere long.

Almighty God is the Lord of life and death, and of all things to them pertaining.

Elizabeth Thomas.

AH ! strive no more to know what fate
Is pre-ordained for thee :
'Tis vain in this thy mortal state,
For Heaven's inscrutable decree
Will only be revealed in vast eternity.
Then, O my soul,
Remember thy celestial birth,
And live to Heaven while here on earth.
Thy God is infinitely true,
All Justice, yet all Mercy too :
To Him then, through thy Saviour, pray
For grace to guide thee on thy way,
And give thee will to do.
But humbly, for the rest, my soul,
Let Hope and Faith the limits be
Of thy presumptuous curiosity !

Almighty God is the Lord of life and death, and of all things to them pertaining.

FROM THE ARABIC.

Elegiac Poems.

I.

DESPAIR not in the vale of woe,
Where many joys from suffering flow.

II.

Oft breathes Simoom, and close behind
A breath of God doth softly blow.

III.

Clouds threaten—but a ray of light,
And not of lightning, falls below.

IV.

How many winters o'er thy head
Have past—yet bald it does not show.

V.

Thy branches are not bare—and yet
What storms have shook them to and fro.

VI.

To thee has time brought many joys,
If many it has bid to go;

VII.

And seasoned has with bitterness
Thy cup, that flat it should not grow.

VIII.

Trust in that veilèd hand, which leads
None by the path that he would go;

IX.

And always be for change prepared,
For the world's law is ebb and flow.

X.

Stand fast in suffering, until He
Who called it shall dismiss also;

XI.

And from the Lord all good expect,
Who many mercies strews below,

XII.

Who in life's narrow garden-strip
Has bid delights unnumbered blow.

Almighty God is the Lord of life and death, and of all
things to them pertaining.

SUPPORT UNDER AFFLICITION.

Wordsworth.

ONE adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists, one only;—an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, howe'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power;
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good.
—The darts of anguish *fix* not, where the seat
Of suffering hath been thoroughly fortified
By acquiescence in the Will Supreme,

For time and for Eternity ; by faith,
 Faith absolute in God, including hope,
 And the defence that lies in boundless love
 Of His perfections ; with habitual dread
 Of aught unworthily conceived ; endured
 Impatiently ; ill-done, or left undone,
 To the dishonour of His holy Name.—
 Soul of our souls, and safeguard of the world !
 Sustain, Thou only canst, the sick of heart,
 Restore their languid spirits, and recal
 Their lost affections unto Thee and Thine !

Almighty God is the Lord of life and death, and of all
 things to them pertaining.

THE ORDER OF PROVIDENCE.

Spenser.

“ OF things unseene, how canst thou deeme
 aright,”
 Then answerèd the righteous Artegall,—
 “ Sith thou misdeem’st so much of things in sight ?
 What though the sea with waves continuall
 Doe eat the earth, it is no more at all ;
 Ne is the earth the lesse, or loseth aught ;
 For whatsoever from one place doth fall,
 Is with the tide unto another brought ;
 For there is nothing lost that may be found if
 sought.

Likewise the earth is not augmented more
By all that dying into it doe fade,
For of the earth they formèd were of yore ;
However gay their blossome or their blade
Doe flourish now, they into dust shall vade :
What wrong then is it if that when they die
They turne to that whereof they first were made ?
All in the powre of their great Maker lie ;
All creatures must obey the voice of the Most
High.

They live, they die, like as He doth ordaine,
Ne ever any asketh reason why :
The hils doe not the lowly dales disdaine ;
The dales doe not the lofty hils envy.
He maketh kings to sit in sovereinty ;
He maketh subjects to their powre obey :
He pulleth downe, He setteth up on high ;
He gives to this, from that He takes away ;
For all we have is His : what He list doe, He may.

Whatever thing is done, by Him is done,
Ne any may His mighty will withstand ;
Ne any may His sovereine power shun,
Ne loose that He hath bound with steadfast band.
In vaine therefore dost thou now take in hand
To call to count, or weigh His workes anew,
Whose counsel's depth thou canst not understand,
Sith of things subject to thy daily view,
Thou dost not know the causes nor their courses
dew.

For take thy ballaunce, if thou be so wise,
 And weigh the winde that under heaven doth blow;
 Or weigh the light that in the east doth rise;
 Or weigh the thought that from man's mind doth
 flow :
 But if the weight of these thou canst not show,
 Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall :
 For how canst thou those greater secrets know,
 That dost not know the least thing of them all ?
 Ill can he rule the great that cannot reach the small."

Almighty God is the Lord of life and death.

BREVITY OF LIFE.

Francis Quarles.

B EHOLD
 How short a span
 Was long enough of old,
 To measure out the life of man !
 In those well-tempered days, his life was then
 Surveyed, cast up, and found but threescore years
 and ten.

Alas !
 And what is that ?
 They come, and slide, and pass,
 Before my pen can tell thee what ;
 The posts of time are swift, which having run
 Their seven short stages o'er, their short-lived task
 is done

Our days
Begun, we lend
To sleep, to antic plays
And toys, until the first stage end :
Twelve waning moons, twice five times told we give
To unrecovered loss,—we rather breathe than live.

We spend
A ten years' breath
Before we apprehend
What 'tis to live, or fear a death :
Our childish dreams are filled with painted joys,
Which please our sense awhile, and waking prove
but toys.

How vain,
How wretched is
Poor man, that doth remain
A slave to such a state as this !
His days are short at longest, few at most,
They are but bad at best ; yet lavished out, or
lost.

They be
The secret springs,
That make our minutes flee
On wheels more swift than eagles' wings :
Our life's a clock, and every gasp of breath
Breathes forth a warning grief, till Time shall
strike a death.

How soon
 Our new-born light
 Attains to full aged-noon !
 And this how soon to grey-haired night !
 We spring, we bud, we blossom, and we blast,
 Ere we can count our days, our days they flee so
 fast.

They end
 When scarce begun ;
 And ere we apprehend
 That we begin to live, our life is done ;
 Man, count thy days, and if they fly too fast
 For thy dull thoughts to count, count every day
 thy last !

Know you certainly, that it is God's visitation.

ACTS XVII. 27.

J. S. Monsell.

THOU art near,—yes, Lord, I feel it,
 Thou art near where'er I move,
 And though sense would fain conceal it,
 Faith oft whispers it to love.

Thou art near,—O what a terror
 To the soul that loves Thee not !
 Thou art near to mark each error,
 Where it cannot be forgot.

Thou art near,—O what a blessing
To the souls Thy love hath blest !
Souls, Thy daily care confessing,
Daily by their God confessed.

Why should I despond or tremble
When Jehovah stoops to cheer ?
But O far rather, why dissemble
When Omnipotence is near ?

Am I weak ? Thine arm will lead me
Safe through every danger, Lord :
Am I hungry ? Thou wilt feed me
With the manna of Thy Word.

Am I thirsting ? Thou wilt guide me
Where refreshing waters flow ;
Faint or feeble, Thou'lt provide me
Grace for every want I know.

Am I fearful ? Thou wilt take me
Underneath Thy wings, my God !
Am I faithless ? Thou wilt make me
Bow beneath Thy chastening rod.

Am I drooping ? Thou art near me,
Near to bear me on my way :
Am I pleading ? Thou wilt hear me,
Hear and answer when I pray.

Then, O my soul, since God doth love thee,
 Faint not, droop not, do not fear ;
 For though His Heaven is high above thee,
 He Himself is ever near !

Near to watch thy wayward spirit,
 Sometimes cold and careless grown ;
 But likewise near with grace and merit,
 All thy Saviour's, thence thine own.

*Wh*atsoever your sickness is, know you certainly, that it is
 God's visitation.

DIVERS PROVIDENCES.

Wither.

WHEN all the year our fields are fresh and
 green,
 And while sweet showers and sunshine every day,
 As oft as need requireth, come between
 The heavens and earth, they heedless pass away.
 The fulness and continuance of a blessing
 Doth make us to be senseless of the good ;
 And if sometimes it fly not our possessing,
 The sweetness of it is not understood.
 Had we no winter, summer would be thought
 Not half so pleasing ; and if tempests were not,
 Such comforts by a calm could not be brought ;
 For things save by their opposites appear not.

Both health and wealth are tasteless unto some,
And so is ease and every other pleasure ;
Till poor, or sick, or grieved they become,
And then they relish these in ampler measure.
God, therefore, full as kind as He is wise,
So tempereth all the favours He will do us,
That we His bounties may the better prize,
And make His chastisements less bitter to us.
One while, a scorching indignation burns
The flowers and blossoms of our hope away,
Which into scarcity our plenty turns,
And changeth new-mown grass to parched hay ;
Anon, His fruitful showers and pleasing dews
Commixed with cheerful rays, He sendeth down,
And then the barren earth her crops renew,
Which with rich harvests hills and valleys crown ;
For as, to relish joys, He sorrow sends,
So comfort on temptation still attends.

Know you certainly, that it is God's visitation.

THE WALL-FLOWER.

H. F. Lyte.

WHY loves my flower, so high reclined
upon these walls of barren gloom,
To waste her sweetness on the wind,
And far from every eye to bloom ?

Why joy to twine with golden braid
This ruined rampart's aged head,
Proud to expose her gentle form,
And swing her bright locks in the storm ?

That lonely spot is bleak and hoar,
Where prints my flower her fragrant kiss ;
Yet sorrow hangs not fonder o'er
The ruins of her faded bliss.
And wherefore will she thus inweave
The owl's lone couch, and feel at eve
The wild bat o'er her blossoms fling,
And strike them down with heedless wing ?

Thus, gazing on the loftiest tower
Of ruined FORE at eventide,
The Muse addressed a lonely flower
That bloomed above in summer pride.
The Muse's eye, the Muse's ear,
Can more than others see and hear :
The breeze of evening murmured by,
And gave, she deemed, this faint reply :

“ On this lone tower, so wild and drear,
'Mid storms and clouds I love to lie,
Because I find a freedom here
Which prouder haunts could ne'er supply.
Safe on these walls I sit, and stem
The elements that conquered them ;
And high o'er reach of plundering foe
Smile on an anxious world below.

“ Though envied place I may not claim
On warrior’s crest, or lady’s hair ;
Though tongue may never speak my name,
Nor eye behold and own me fair ;
To Him, who tends me from the sky,
I spread my beauties here on high,
And bid the winds to waft above
My incense to His throne of love.

“ And though in hermit solitude,
Aloft and wild, my home I choose, .
On the rock’s bosom pillow’d rude,
And nurtured by the falling dews ;
Yet duly with the opening year
I hang my golden mantle here.
A child of God’s I am, and He
Sustains, and clothes, and shelters me.

“ Nor deem my state without its bliss :
Mine is the first young smile of day ;
Mine the light zephyr’s earliest kiss ;
And mine the skylark’s matin lay.
These are my joys : with these on high
In peace I hope to live and die,
And drink the dew, and scent the breeze,
As blithe a flower as Flora sees.”

Bloom on, sweet moralist ! Be thine
The softest shower, the brightest sun !
Long o’er a world of error shine,
And teach them what to seek and shun !

Bloom on, and show the simple glee
That dwells with those who dwell like thee ;
From noise, and glare, and folly driven,
To thought, retirement, peace, and Heaven.

Show them, in thine, the Christian's lot,
So dark and drear in worldly eyes ;
And yet he would exchange it not
For all they most pursue and prize.
From meaner cares and trammels free,
He soars above the world, like thee ;
And, fed and nurtured from above,
Returns the debt in grateful love.

Frail, like thyself, fair flower, is he,
And beat by every storm and shower ;
Yet on a Rock he stands, like thee,
And braves the tempest's wildest power.
And there he blooms, and gathers still
A good from every seeming ill ;
And, pleased with what his lot has given,
He lives to God, and looks to Heaven.

J. S.

SWIM through the waves of Time, and ne'er despair,
But lift thy head, and breathe eternal air.

Whichever your sickness is, know you certainly, that it is God's visitation.

SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

EPHESIANS III. 13.

J. Keble.

WISH not, dear friends, my pain away—
Wish me a wise and thankful heart,
With God, in all my griefs to stay,
Nor from His loved correction start.

The dearest offering He can crave
His portion in our souls to prove,
What is it to the gift He gave,
The only Son of His dear love?

But we, like vexed unquiet sprights,
Will still be hovering o'er the tomb,
Where buried lie our vain delights,
Nor sweetly take a sinner's doom.

In Life's long sickness evermore
Our thoughts are tossing to and fro :
We change our posture o'er and o'er,
But cannot rest, nor cheat our woe.

Were it not better to lie still,
Let Him strike home and bless the rod,
Never so safe as when our will
Yields undiscerned by all but God?

Thy precious things, whate'er they be
That haunt and vex thee, heart and brain,
Look to the Cross, and thou shalt see
How thou mayest turn them all to gain.

*Lovest thou praise? the Cross is shame:
Or ease? the Cross is bitter grief:
More pains than tongue or heart can frame
Were suffered there without relief.

We of that altar would partake,
But cannot quit the cost—no throne
Is ours, to leave for Thy dear sake—
We cannot do as Thou hast done.

We cannot part with Heaven for Thee—
Yet guide us in Thy track of love:
Let us gaze on where light should be,
Though not a beam the clouds remove.

So wanderers ever fond and true
Look homeward through the evening sky,
Without a streak of Heaven's soft blue
To aid Affection's dreaming eye.

The wanderer seeks his native bower,
And we will look and long for Thee,
And thank Thee for each trying hour,
Wishing, not struggling, to be free.

That your faith may be found in the day of the Lord
laudable, glorious, and honourable, to the increase of glory
and endless felicity.

Drummond.

J ERUSALEM ! that place divine,
The vision of sweet peace is named,
In Heaven her glorious turrets shine,
Her walls of living stones are framed ;
While angels guard her on each side,
Fit company for such a bride.

She, decked in new attire, from Heaven
Her wedding chamber, now descends ;
Prepared in marriage to be given
To Christ, on whom her joy depends.
Her walls, wherewith she is enclosed,
And streets are of pure gold composed.

The gates, adorned with pearls most bright,
The way to hidden glory show ;
And thither, by the blessed might
Of faith in Jesus' merits go

All those who are on earth distressed,
Because they have Christ's name professed.

These stones the workmen dress and beat,
Before they throughly polished are ;
Then each is in his proper seat
Established by the builder's care,
In this fair frame to stand for ever,
So joined that them no force can sever.

To God who sits in highest seat,
Glory and power given be,
To Father, Son, and Paraclete,
Who reign in equal dignity ;
Whose boundless power we still adore,
And sing Their praise for evermore.

That your faith may be found in the day of the Lord
laudable, glorious, and honourable.

PSALM LXXXIV.

H. F. Lyte.

PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love ;
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.

O, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
King of Glory, God of grace !

Happy birds, that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O most High !
Happier souls, that find a rest
In a Heavenly Father's breast !
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

Happy souls ! their praises flow
Ever in this vale of woe ;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies ;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord, be mine this prize to win ;
Guide me through a world of sin ;
Keep me by Thy saving grace ;
Give me at Thy side a place.
Sun and shield alike Thou art ;
Guide and guard my erring heart ;
Grace and glory flow from Thee ;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

That your faith may be found in the day of the Lord
laudable, glorious, and honourable.

FAITH IN PERIL.

g. s.

THIS outward life, with all its busy forms,
Whirling like flakes of snow in alpine storms,
Confuses, chills, and in a shifting grave
Entombs the spirit that the Eternal gave.
Yet look through these to Him, undaunted strive,
Through drift and darkness, saving Faith alive,
And He will be beside thee still,—uphold,
Enlighten, cheer, with Love and Hope make bold,
And in worst hours of fear, before His eye
The mountain-ice, and gulfs of snow shall fly ;
Thou on His rock shalt stand secure, and raise
Thy wings towards Heaven, and hear its songs of
praise.

That your faith may be found in the day of the Lord
laudable, glorious, and honourable.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

RISE, O my soul, with thy desires to Heaven,
And with divinest contemplation use
Thy Time, where Time's eternity is given,
And let vain thoughts no more thy thoughts
abuse :

But down in darkness let them lie,
So live thy better, let thy worse thoughts die.

And thou, my soul, inspired with holy flame,
View and review with most regardful eye
That holy Cross whence thy salvation came,
On which thy Saviour, and thy sin did die :
For in that sacred object is much pleasure,
And in that Saviour is my life, my treasure.

To Thee (O Jesu) I direct my eye,
To Thee my hands, to Thee my humble knees,
To Thee my heart shall offer sacrifice,
To Thee my thoughts, who my thoughts only
sees :
To Thee myself, myself and all I give ;
To Thee I die, to Thee I only live.

**To correct and amend in you whatsoever doth offend the
eyes of your Heavenly Father.**

PRAYER ANSWERED BY CROSSES.

J. Newto...

I ASKED the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace ;
Might more of His salvation know,
And seek more earnestly His face.

'Twas He who taught me thus to pray,
And He, I trust, has answered prayer;
But it has been in such a way
As almost drove me to despair.

I hoped that in some favoured hour
At once He'd answer my request;
And by His love's constraining power
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

Instead of this He made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart;
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

Yea, more, with His own hand He seemed
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,
Blasted my gourds, and laid them low.

"Lord, why is this?" I trembling cried,
"Wilt Thou pursue Thy worm to death?"
"Tis in this way," the Lord replied,
"I answer prayer for grace and faith.

"These inward trials I employ
From self and pride to set thee free;
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou mayest seek thy all in Me."

To correct and amend in you whatsoever doth offend the
eyes of your Heavenly Father.

JEREMIAH X. 24.

*

S. Wilberforce.

NOT all at once, not in Thy wrath, O Lord,
Break Thou these stubborn hearts of ours,
we pray !

Not all at once,—for we are weak, and they
Draw trembling back from that Thy fiery sword.

But as a tender mother day by day
Weans the weak babe she loves, lest it should pine,
So wean us, Lord—so make us wholly Thine,

Lest in our feebleness we start away
From Thy loved chastening : for we could not bear
The sudden vision of ourselves and Thee,
Or learn at once how vain our bright hopes be.
Then be our earthly weakness, Lord, Thy care,
And e'en in wounding heal—in breaking spare.

To correct and amend in you whatsoever doth offend the
eyes of your Heavenly Father.

HYMN.

THE THIRD DAY OF CREATION.

(PART. I)

T. Whytehead.

THOU spakest ; and the waters roll'd
Back from the earth away,
They fled, by Thy strong voice controll'd,
Till Thou didst bid them stay :
Then did that rushing mighty ocean
Like a tame creature cease its motion,
Nor dared to pass where'er Thy hand
Had fixed its bound of slender sand.

And freshly risen from out the deep
The land lay tranquil now,
Like a new-christened child asleep,
With the dew upon its brow :
As when in after time the Earth
Rose from her second watery birth
In pure baptismal garments drest,
And calmly waiting to be blest.

Again Thou spakest, Lord of power,
And straight the land was seen
All clad with tree, and herb, and flower,
A robe of lustrous green :

Like souls wherein the hidden strength
Of their new-birth is waked at length,
When, robed in holiness, they tell
What might did in those waters dwell.

Lord, o'er the waters of my soul
The word of power be said ;
Its thoughts and passions bid Thou roll
Each in its channell'd bed ;
Till that in peaceful order flowing,
They time their glad obedient going
To Thy commands, whose voice to-day
Bade the tumultuous floods obey.

For restless as the moaning sea,
The wild and wayward will
From side to side is wearily
Changing and tossing still ;
But sway'd by Thee, 'tis like the river
That down its green banks flows for ever,
And, calm and constant, tells to all
The blessedness of such sweet thrall.

Then in my heart, Spirit of Might,
Awake the life within,
And bid a spring-tide, calm and bright,
Of holiness begin :
So let it lie with Heaven's grace
Full shining on its quiet face,
Like the young Earth in peace profound,
Amid th' assuagèd waters round.

To correct and amend in you whatsoever doth offend the
eyes of your Heavenly Father.

AFFLICTION.

Henry Vaughan.

PEACE, peace ; It is not so. Thou dost mis-
call
Thy Physick ; Pills that change
Thy sick Accessions into settled health ;
This is the great *Elixir* that turns gall
To wine and sweetness, Poverty to wealth,
And brings man home, when he doth range.
Did not He, who ordain'd the day,
 Ordain night too ?
And in the greater world display
 What in the lesser He would do ?
All flesh is Clay, thou know'st ; and but that God
 Doth use His rod,
And by a fruitful Change of frosts and showres
 Cherish and bind thy *pow'rs*,
Thou wouldest to weeds and thistles quite disperse,
 And be more wild than is thy verse.
Sickness is wholesome, Crosses are but curbs
 To check the mule, unruly man ;
They are heaven's husbandry, the famous fan,
 Purging the floor which Chaff disturbs.
Were all the year one constant Sun-shine, wee
 Should have no flowres ;
All would be drought and leanness ; not a tree
 Would make us bowres.

Beauty consists in colours ; and that's best
 : Which is not fixt, but flies and flowes.
 The settled *Red* is dull, and *whites* that rest
 Something of sickness would disclose.
 Vicissitude plaiers all the game ;
 Nothing that stirrs,
 Or hath a name,
 But waits upon this wheel ;
 Kingdomes too have their Physick, and for steel
 Exchange their peace and furrs.
 Thus doth God *Key* disorder'd man,
 which none else can,
 Tuning his brest to rise or fall ;
 And by a sacred, needfull art,
 Like strings, stretch ev'ry part,
 Making the whole most Musicall.

Bender unto *Him* humble thanks for *His* fatherly visitation,
 submitting yourself wholly unto *His* Will.

THE LENT JEWELS.

A JEWISH TALE.

Elegiac Poems.

IN schools of wisdom all the day was spent :
 His steps at eve the Rabbi homeward bent,
 With homeward thoughts which dwelt upon the
 wife
 And two fair children who consoled his life.

She, meeting at the threshold, led him in,
And with these words, preventing, did begin :
“ Ever rejoicing at your wished return,
Yet do I most so now : for since this morn
I have been much perplexed and sorely tried
Upon one point, which you shall now decide.
Some years ago, a friend into my care
Some jewels gave, rich, precious gems they were ;
But having given them in my charge, this friend
Did afterward nor come for them, nor send,
But left them in my keeping for so long,
That now it almost seems to me a wrong
That he should suddenly arrive to-day,
To take those jewels, which he left, away.
What think you ? Shall I freely yield them back,
And with no murmuring ?—so henceforth to lack
Those gems myself, which I had learned to see
Almost as mine for ever, mine in fee.”

“ What question can be here ?—Your own true
heart
Must needs advise you of the only part.
That may be claimed again which was but lent,
And should be yielded with no discontent :
Nor surely can we find herein a wrong,
That it was left us to enjoy it long.”

“ Good is the word,” she answered ; “ may we
now
And evermore that it is good allow !”

And rising, to an inner chamber led,
And there she showed him, stretched upon one
bed,
Two children pale,—and he the jewels knew,
Which God had lent him and resumed anew.

Render unto **Him** humble thanks for **His** fatherly
visitation.

COUPLETS.

R. C. Trench.

GUEST in a ruinous hut, thou loapest to
depart:
Were thine a finer house, 'twould prove a bitterer
smart.

God's dealings still are love—His chastenings are
alone
Love now compelled to take an altered louder tone.

When thou hast thanked thy God for every blessing
sent,
What time will then remain for murmurs or lament?

Their windows and their doors some close—and
murmuring say,
The light of heaven ne'er sought into my house a
way.

God often would enrich, but finds not where to
place
His treasure, nor in hand nor heart a vacant space.

The oyster sickens while the pearl doth substance
win :
Thank God for pains that prove a noble growth
within.

Some are resign'd to go,—might we such grace
attain,
That we should need our resignation to remain.

God's loudest threatenings speak of love and ten-
derest care,
For who, that wished his blow to light, would say,
Beware ?

What is our work when God a blessing would im-
part ?
To bring the empty vessel of a needy heart.

Till life is coming back, our death we do not feel,
Light must be entering in, our darkness to reveal.

Ill fares the child of heaven who will not entertain
On earth the stranger's grief, the exile's sense of
pain.

Acknowledge present good, or thou wilt need to
learn,—
And by its loss, thy good, thy mercies to discern.

Ashes and dust thou art—allow it so to be,
And from that moment forth it is not true for thee.

To see the face of God, this makes the joy of
heaven;
The purer then the eye, the more joy will be given.

When God afflicts thee, think He hews a rugged
stone,
Which must be shaped, or else aside as useless
thrown.

'Tis ill with man when this is all he cares to know
Of his own self, to wit, his vileness and his woe.

God loves to work in wax, not marble—let Him
find
When He would mould thine heart, material to His
mind.

Wouldst thou abolish quite strongholds of self and
sin?

Fear can but make the breach for Love to enter in.

To cure thee of thy pride, that deepest seated ill,
God humbled His Own Self—wilt thou thy pride
keep still?

He knew, who healed our wounds, we quickly
should be fain
Our old hurts to forget—so let the scars remain. .

Why win we not at once what we in prayer require ?

That we may learn great things as greatly to desire.

One furnace many times the good and bad will hold :

Yet what consumes the chaff will only cleanse the gold.

Render unto **Him** humble thanks for **His** fatherly visitation.

Aubrey de Vere.

COUNT each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee. Do thou
With courtesy receive him : rise and bow :
And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave,
Then lay before him all thou hast. Allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
Or mar thy hospitality, no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
Thy soul's marmoreal calmness. Grief should be
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate,
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free :
Strong to consume small troubles ; to command
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to
the end.

Render unto **Him** humble thanks for **His** fatherly
visitation.

THOUGHTS IN AFFLICITION.

E. M.

*
O THOU, my kind chastising God,
Help me to own Thy sway ;
Teach me to bend beneath Thy rod,
And cast my pride away.

Have I then wished, (presumptuous thought !)
The weight of sorrow less,
Or e'er with earthly weapons fought
Against my deep distress ?—

Teach me with meek submissive awe
To own Thy sovereign will,
E'en from Thy rod my comforts draw,
And weep, but thank Thee still.

And O, if those, once sent by Thee
To soothe the bitter tear,
Now seem Thy messengers to be
Of judgments more severe,—

Let me Thy ruling hand discern,
Thy voice of mercy know,
And from Thy gentle teaching learn
To seek no bliss below.

A mourner through this gloomy vale
 'Tis meet Thy child should go,
 Until Thy mighty hand prevail
 To conquer every foe.

For Thou hast said, an hour should come
 When, at Thy high behest,
 Earth shall prepare Thy saints a home,
 And Thou amidst them rest !

Render unto Him humble thanks for His fatherly
 visitation.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

FROM THE EPISTLE.

J. Moultrie.

REJOICE in Christ alway—
 When earth looks heavenly bright,
 When joy makes glad the livelong day,
 And peace shuts in the night.
 Rejoice, when care and woe
 The fainting soul oppress,—
 When tears at wakeful midnight flow,
 And morn brings heaviness.

Rejoice, when festal boughs
 Our winter walls adorn,
 And Christians greet, with hymns and vows,
 The Saviour's natal morn.

Rejoice when mourning weeds
The widowed Church doth wear,
In memory of her Lord who bleeds,
While Christian's fast to prayer.

Rejoice in hope and fear,—
Rejoice in life and death,—
Rejoice, when threatening storms are near,
And comfort languisheth.
When should not they rejoice
Whom Christ His brethren calls—
Who hear and know His guiding voice
When on their hearts it falls ?

Yet not to rash excess
Let joy like ours prevail ;—
Feast not on earth's deliciousness,
Till faith begin to fail.
Our temperate use of bliss—
Let it to all appear ;
And be our constant watchword this—
“ The Lord Himself is near ! ”

Take anxious care for nought,—
To God your wants make known,
And soar, on wings of heavenly thought,
Toward His eternal throne.
So, though our path is steep,
And many a tempest lours,
Shall His own peace our spirits keep,
And Christ's dear love be ours.

Submitting yourself wholly unto His will.

"The Child's Christian Year."

I.

O LORD ! how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest ;
And feel at heart that One above
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

II.

How far from this our daily life !
Ever disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms ;
O could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thy Almighty arms !

III.

Could we but kneel, and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer ;
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famish'd ravens' cry,
Will hear, in that we fear.

IV.

We cannot trust Him as we should,
So chafes fallen nature's restless mood
 To cast its peace away ;
Yet birds and flowrets round us preach
All, all the present evil teach
 Sufficient for the day.

V.

Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lesson learn from birds and flowers,
 Make them from self to cease ;
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before Him lying still,
 E'en in affliction, peace.

Submitting yourself wholly unto His will.

Charles Wesley.

O THOU whose wise paternal love
 Hath brought my active spirit down—
Thy will I thankfully approve ;
 And, prostrate at Thy gracious Throne,
I offer up my life's remains,
 I choose the state my God ordains.

Cast as a broken vessel by,
 Thy work I can no longer do ;
 But while a daily death I die,
 Thy power I may in weakness show.
 My patience may Thy glory raise,
 My speechless woe proclaim Thy praise.

But since, without Thy Spirit's might,
 Thou know'st I nothing can endure,
 The aid I ask in Jesu's right—
 The strength He did for me procure—
 Father, abundantly impart,
 And arm with love my feeble heart.

O may I live of Thee possess'd
 In weakness, weariness, and pain ;
 The anguish of my throbbing breast,
 The daily cross, may I sustain,
 For Him who languished on the tree,
 But lived, before He died, for me.

Submitting yourself wholly unto His will.

Cowper.

O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
 And help me to resign
 Life, health, and comfort, to Thy will,
 And make Thy pleasure mine.

Why should I shrink at Thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears ;
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears ?

No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to Thee ;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

Thy favour all my journey through,
Thou hast engaged to grant ;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

Wisdom and mercy guide my way ;
Shall I resist them both ?
The poor blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth !

But ah ! my inward spirit cries—
Still bind me to Thy sway ;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

Submitting yourself wholly unto His will.

SUBMISSION.

(PART.)

Bishop Ken.

LIKE Thy blest self, Lord, teach me to submit
 To all my Heavenly Father shall think fit :
 To yield the full subjection of a son,
 Pray—"Father, not my will, but Thine, be done."
 He ever lives, unviolenced by ill,
 Who, to his God devoted, has no will.
 Since Thou my Father art, O God, I right
 Claim in Thy boundless goodness, wisdom, might :
 Thy wisdom will my soul in doubts direct ;
 Thy might will in calamities protect ;
 Thy goodness ne'er will causelessly afflict ;
 With all the three I'll keep an union strict :
 They'll me proportion what for me is best,
 In their disposal, I'll entirely rest.
 I unto Thee refund my borrowed mind,
 To centre in Thee by a will resigned.

Submitting yourself wholly unto His will.

THE SEA-BIRD.

I'VE watch'd the sea-bird calmly glide
 Unruffled o'er the ocean tide :

Unscared she heard the waters roar
In foaming breakers on the shore ;
Fearless of ill, herself she gave
To rise upon the lifting wave,
Or sink, to be awhile unseen,
The undulating swells between :
Till, as the evening shadows grew,
Noiseless, unheard, aloft she flew.
While soaring to her rock-built nest
A sunbeam lighted on her breast,—
A moment glittered in mine eye,
Then quickly vanished through the sky.

While by the pebbly beach I stood,
That sea-bird, on the waving flood,
Pictured to my enraptured eye
A soul at peace with God :—Now high,
Now low, upon the gulf of life
Raised or depressed, in peace or strife,
Calmly she kens the changeful wave,
She dreads no storm—she fears no grave ;
To her, the world's tumultuous roar
Dies like the echo on the shore.
“ Father ! Thy pleasure all fulfil,
I yield me to Thy sovereign will ;
Let earthly comforts ebb or rise,
Tranquil on Thee my soul relies.”
Then, as advance the shades of night,
Long plumed, she takes her heavenward flight ;
But, as she mounts, I see her fling
A beam of glory from her wing,—

A moment—to my aching sight
Lost in the boundless fields of light !

Submitting yourself wholly unto His will.

Bishop Ken.

SINCE 'tis God's will—pain, take your course,
Exert on me your utmost force—
I well God's truth and promise know ;
He never sends a woe,
But His supports divine
In due proportion with the affliction join.

Though I am frailest of mankind,
And apt to waver as the wind—
Though me no feeble bruised reed
In weakness can exceed—
My soul on God relies,
And I your fierce, redoubled shocks despise.

Patient, resigned, and humble wills
Impregnably resist all ills.
My God will guide me by His light,
Give me victorious might :
No pang can me invade,
Beneath His wings' propitious shade.

Submitting yourself wholly unto His will.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

Milton.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He, returning, chide,—
“ Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ? ”
I fondly ask—But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies—“ God doth not need
Either man’s work, or His own gifts ; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best : His state
Is kingly ;—thousands at His bidding speed
And post o’er land and ocean without rest :
They also serve who only stand and wait ! ”

Submitting yourself wholly unto His will.

J. S. Monsell.

MY Father and my God,
O set this spirit free !
I’d gladly kiss the rod
That drove my trembling soul to Thee,
And made it Thine eternally.

Sweet were the bitterest smart,
That with the bended knee
Would bow this broken heart ;
For who, my Saviour, who could be
A sufferer long, that flies to Thee ?

The tears we shed for sin
When heaven alone can see,
Leave truer peace within
Than worldly smiles, which cannot be
Lit up, my God, with smiles from Thee.

Then give me any lot,
I'll bless Thy just decree,
So Thou art not forgot,
And I may ne'er dependent be
On any friend, my God, but Thee !

As needle to the pole,
There fix'd, but tremblingly,—
Such be my trusting soul,
Whate'er life's variations be,
For ever pointing, Lord, to Thee !

Submitting yourself wholly unto His will.

THE CHILD.

J. Newton.

QUIET, Lord, my foward heart,
 Make me teachable and mild,
 Upright, simple, free from art,
 Make me as a weanèd child :
 From distrust and envy free,
 Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

What Thou shalt to-day provide
 Let me as a child receive ;
What to-morrow may betide
 Calmly to Thy wisdom leave :
 'Tis enough that Thou wilt care,
 Why should I the burden bear ?

As a little child relies
 On a care beyond its own ;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise—
 Fears to stir a step alone—
 Let me thus with Thee abide,
 As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
 Safe from dangers, free from fears,
 May I live upon Thy smiles,
 Till the promised hour appears,
 When the sons of God shall prove
 All their Father's boundless love.

Submitting yourself wholly unto His will.

THE RESIGNATION.

J. Norris.

LONG have I viewed, long have I thought,
 And held with trembling hand this bitter
 draught :
 'Twas now just to my lips applied ;
 Nature shrank in, and all my courage died,—
 But now resolv'd and firm I'll be,
 Since, Lord, 'tis mingled and reach'd out by Thee.

Since 'tis Thy sentence I should part
 With the most precious treasure of my heart,
 I freely that and more resign ;
 My heart itself, as its delight, is Thine ;
 My little all I give to Thee—
 Thou gavest a greater gift, Thy Son, to me.

He left true bliss and joys above,
 Himself He emptied of all good, but love ;
 For me He freely did forsake
 More good than He from me can ever take,
 A mortal life for a divine
 He took, and did at last even that resign.

Take all, great God ; I will not grieve ;
 But still will wish that I had still to give.
 I hear Thy voice ; Thou bidd'st me quit
 My paradise—I bless and do submit.
 I will not murmur at Thy word,
 Nor beg Thy angel to sheath up his sword.

It shall turn to your profit, and help you forward in the
 right way that leadeth unto everlasting life.

*

C.

SAVIOUR ! beneath Thy yoke
 My wayward heart doth pine,
 All unaccustomed to the stroke
 Of love divine :
 Thy chastisements, my God, are hard to bear,
 Thy cross is heavy for frail flesh to wear.

“ Perishing child of clay !
 Thy sighing I have heard ;
 Long have I marked thy evil way
 How thou hast erred ;
 Yet fear not—by My own most holy Name
 I will shed healing through thy sin-sick frame.”

Praise to Thee, gracious Lord !
 I fain would be at rest,
 O now fulfil Thy faithful word,
 And make me blest :
 My soul would lay her heavy burden down,
 And take with joyfulness the promised crown.

“Stay, thou short-sighted child !

There is much first to do ;

Thy heart so long by sin defiled,

I must renew :

Thy will must here be taught to bend to mine,
Or the sweet peace of Heaven can ne'er be thine.”

Yea, Lord, but Thou can'st soon

Perfect Thy work in me,

Till, like the pure calm summer moon,

I shine by Thee ;

A moment shine, that all Thy power may trace,
Then pass in stillness to my heavenly place.

“Ah, coward soul ! confess

Thou shrinkest from My cure,

Thou tremblest at the sharp distress

Thou must endure ;

The foes on every hand for war arrayed ;

The thorny path in tribulation laid ;

“The process slow of years,

The discipline of life,—

Of outward woes and secret tears,

Sickness and strife,—

The idols taken from thee one by one,

Till thou canst dare to live with Me alone.

“Some gentle souls there are

Who yield unto My love,

Who, ripening fast beneath My care,

I soon remove ;

But thou stiff-neckèd art and hard to rule,
Thou must stay longer in affliction's school."

My Maker and my King !
Is this Thy love to me ?
O that I had the lightning's wing
From earth to flee,—

How can I bear the heavy weight of woes
Thine indignation on Thy creature throws ?

"Thou canst not, O my child,
So hear My voice again—
I will bear all thy anguish wild,
Thy grief—thy pain ;
My arms shall be around thee day by day,
My smile shall cheer thee on thy heavenward way.

"In sickness I will be
Watching beside thy bed,
In sorrow thou shalt lean on Me
Thy aching head,
In every struggle thou shalt conqueror prove,
Nor death itself shall sever from My love."

O grace beyond compare !
O love most high and pure !
Saviour begin, no longer spare—
I can endure :
Only vouchsafe Thy grace that I may live
Unto Thy glory who canst so forgive.

THE EXHORTATION.

SECOND PART.

Take therefore in good part the chastisement of the Lord: For (as Saint Paul saith in the twelfth chapter to the Hebrews) whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the Father chasteneth not? But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards and not sons. Furthermore, we have had Fathers of our flesh, which corrected us, and we gave them reverence: shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits, and live? For they verily for a few days chastened us after their own pleasure; but He for our profit, that we might be partakers of His holiness.

These words, good brother, are written in Holy Scripture for our comfort and instruction; that we should patiently, and with thanksgiving, bear our heavenly Father's correction, whensoever by any manner of adversity it shall please His gra-

tious goodness to visit us. And there should be no greater comfort to Christian persons than to be made like unto Christ, by suffering patiently adversities, troubles, and sicknesses. For He Himself went not up to joy, but first He suffered pain ; He entered not into His glory before He was crucified. So truly our way to eternal joy is to suffer here with Christ ; and our door to enter into eternal life is gladly to die with Christ ; that we may rise again from death, and dwell with Him in everlasting life.

Now therefore, taking your sickness, which is thus profitable for you, patiently, I exhort you, in the name of God, to remember the profession which you made unto God in your baptism. And forasmuch as after this life there is an account to be given unto the righteous Judge, by whom all must be judged, without respect of persons, I require you to examine yourself and your estate, both toward God and man ; so that, accusing and condemning yourself for your own faults, you may find mercy at our heavenly Father's hand for Christ's sake, and not be accused and condemned in that fearful judgment.

Therefore I shall rehearse to you the Articles of our Faith, that you may know whether you do believe as a Christian man should, or no.

Take therefore in good part the chastisement of the Lord :

Elegiac Poems.

WHAT, many times I musing asked, is man,
If grief and care
Keep far from him? he knows not what he can,
What cannot bear.

He, till the fire hath purged him, doth remain
Mixed all with dross :
To lack the loving discipline of pain
Were endless loss.

Yet when my Lord did ask me on what side
I were content
The grief whereby I must be purified,
To me were sent,

As each imagined anguish did appear,
Each withering bliss
Before my soul, I cried, "Oh! spare me here,
Oh no, not this!—"

Like one that having need of, deep within,
The surgeon's knife,
Would hardly bear that it should graze the skin,
Though for his life.

Nay then but He, who best doth understand
Both what we need,
And what can bear, did take my case in hand,
Nor crying heed.

Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth
every son whom He receiveth.

Cowper.

'T IS my happiness below
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.
Trials must and will befall,
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

God in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil ;
These spring up and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil.
Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer,
Trials bring me to His feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

Did I meet no trials here,
 No chastisement by the way,
 Might I not with reason fear
 I should prove a castaway?
 Bastards may escape the rod,
 Sunk in earthly vain delight;
 But the true-born child of God
 Must not, would not, if he might.

Take therefore in good part the chastisement of the Lord :

*

E. F.

MUCH have I borne, but not as I should
 bear;—
 The proud will unsubdued, the formal prayer,
 Tell me Thou yet wilt chide, Thou canst not spare,
 O Lord, Thy chastening rod!
 O help me, Father! for my sinful heart
 Back from this discipline of grief would start,
 Unmindful of His sorcer, deeper smart,
 Who died for me, my God!

Yet, if each wish denied, each woe and pain,
 Break but some link of that oppressive chain
 Which binds me still to earth, and leaves a stain
 Thou only canst remove—

Then am I blest—O bliss from man concealed !
If here to Christ, the weak one's Tower and Shield
My heart through sorrow be set free to yield
A service of deep love.

Take therefore in good part the chastisement of the Lord :

THE PULLEY.

George Herbert.

WHEN God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by,
“Let us,” said He, “pour on him all we can ;
Let the world’s riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span.”

So Strength first made away ;
Then Beauty flowed ; then Wisdom, Honour, Plea-
sure :
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone of all his treasure
REST in the bottom lay.

“For if I should,” said He,
“Bestow *this* jewel also on my creature,
He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
And rest in nature, not the God of nature ;—
So both should losers be.

“ Yet let him keep the rest ;
 But keep them with repining restlessness :
 Let him be rich, and weary ; that at least
 If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
 May toss him to my breast.”

Take therefore in good part the chastisement of the Lord :

TO GOD.

Ben Jonson.

H EAR me, O God !
 A broken heart
 Is my best part :
 Use still Thy rod,
 That I may prove
 Therein Thy love.

If thou hadst not
 Been stern to me,
 But left me free,
 I had forgot
 Myself and Thee.

For sin’s so sweet
 As minds ill bent
 Rarely repent,
 Until they meet
 Their punishment.

Who more can crave
Than Thou hast done?
That gav'st a Son
To free a slave:
First made of nought;
Withal since bought.

Sin, death, and hell,
His glorious name
Quite overcame;
Yet I rebel,
And slight the same.

But I'll come in,
Before my loss
Me further toss—
As sure to win
Under His cross.

Take therefore in good part the chastisement of the Lord:

LOVE, AND DISCIPLINE.

Henry Vaughan.

SINCE in a land not barren still,
Because Thou dost Thy grace distill,
My lot is fall'n, blest be Thy will!

And since these biting frosts but kill
 Some tares in me which choke or spill
 That seed Thou sow'st, blest be Thy skill !

Blest be Thy dew, and blest Thy frost,
 And happy I to be so crost,
 And cur'd by crosses at Thy cost.

The dew doth cheer what is distrest,
 The frosts ill weeds nip and molest,
 In both Thou work'st unto the best.

Thus while Thy sev'ral mercies plot,
 And work on me, now cold now hot,
 The work goes on, and slacketh not ;

For as Thy hand the weather steers,
 So thrive I best 'twixt joyes and tears,
 And all the year have some green ears.

If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons. . . . We should patiently, and with thanksgiving, bear our heavenly Father's correction.

BEREAVEMENT.

Elizabeth B. Barrett.

WHEN some belovèds, 'neath whose eyelids
 lay
 The sweet lights of my childhood, one by one
 Did leave me dark before the natural sun,
 And I astonished fell, and could not pray ;

A thought within me to myself did say,—
“ Is God less God, that thou art mortal sad ?
Rise, worship, bless Him, in this sackcloth clad,
As in that purple ! ”—But I answer, nay !
What child his filial heart in words conveys,
If him for very good his father choose
To smite ? What can he, but with sobbing breath
Embrace the unwilling hand which chasteneth ?
And my dear Father, thinking fit to bruise,
Discerns in silent tears both prayer and praise.

Shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father
of spirits, and live ?

THE LONE ROCK.

T. V. Fosbery.

THERE is a single stone
Above yon wave,
A rocky islet lone—
Where tempests rave.

What doth it there ?—The sea,
Restless and deep,
Breaks round it mournfully,
And knows no sleep.

The sea hath hung it round
With its wild weed,
No place can *there* be found
For better seed.

Storm-beaten rock ! no change
'Tis thine to know,
Only the water's range
Of ebb and flow.

The happy sounds of earth
Are not for thee,
The voice of human mirth—
Of children's glee :

No song of birds is thine,
No crown of flowers !
Say, dost thou not repine
Through long lone hours ?

Yet stars for thee are bright
In midnight skies,
And tranquil worlds of light
Around thee rise :

They smooth thine ocean-bed,
Its heavings cease,
While they, from o'er thy head,
Breathe on thee peace.

The wearied man of grief
Like thee I deem,
To whom comes no relief
Through life's dark dream.

No human ties are left,
 Earth's hopes are gone ;
 He dwells, a thing bereft—
 Blighted—alone.

Yet o'er him from above
 Bright spirits bend ;
 And He whose name is Love,
 Calls him His friend ;
 And thus he thankful learns
 Why grief was given,
 And trusting, peaceful, turns
 To God in Heaven.

These words, good brother, are written in Holy Scripture
 for our comfort and instruction ;

Cowper.

O CHILD of Sorrow, be it thine to know
 That Scripture only is the cure of woe :
 That field of promise—how it flings abroad
 Its perfume o'er the Christian's thorny road.
 The soul, reposing in assured belief,
 Feels herself happy amidst all her grief ;
 Forgets her labour as she toils along,
 Weeps tears of joy, and bursts into a song.

Ascribed to Henry Martyn.

SAY would'st thou live ? This hallowed page
 shall tell
 Where life's best joys and holiest pleasures dwell :

Say must thou die? Ah! prize this sacred lore,
That points to worlds where death can wound no
more:

Living or dying, this shall soothe each pain,
Whispering—"To live is Christ, to die is gain."

That we should patiently, and with thanksgiving, bear our
heavenly Father's correction;

MARK X. 39.

"—AND THEY SAY UNTO HIM, WE CAN."

S. Wilberforce.

AH! little knew I, Lord, when Thou wouldest first
Allure my trembling soul to Thy dear side,
And bid me, sheltered there, in peace abide;
When I did pray as they two prayèd erst
Of Thine own cup to slake their spirits' thirst,
And to sit by Thee one day glorified:
Ah! little knew I how it must betide
With youth's bright hopes, and my young spirit's
burst;
How—pale, and sad, and trembling, I should see
Earth's visions, one by one, fade all away;
How this warm heart should torn and riven be,
How bitter tears should feed me night and day,
Ere on thy love my soul her all would stay,
Or walk this busy earth alone with Thee.

That we should patiently, and with thanksgiving, bear our
heavenly Father's correction;

DESOLATION.

(PART.)

Sir J. Beaumont.

THIS then must be the med'cine for my woes,
To yield to what my Saviour shall dispose ;
To glory in my baseness;¹ to rejoice
In mine afflictions ; to obey His voice,
As well when threatenings my defects reprove,
As when I cherished am with words of love ;
To say to Him in every time and place—
Withdraw Thy comforts, so Thou leave Thy grace.

That we should patiently, and with thanksgiving, bear our
heavenly Father's correction;

“REJOICE EVERMORE.”

R. C. Trench.

I.

BUT how should we be glad ?
We that are journeying through a vale of tears,
Encompast with a thousand woes and fears,
How should we not be sad ?

¹ *i. e.* abasement.

II.

Angels that ever stand
Within the presence-chamber, and there raise
The never-interrupted hymn of praise,
May welcome this command.

III.

Or they whose strife is o'er,
Who all their weary length of life have trod,
As pillars now within the temple of God,
That shall go out no more.

IV.

But we who wander here,
We that are exiled in this gloomy place,
Still doomed to water earth's unthankful face
With many a bitter tear—

V.

Bid us lament and mourn,
Bid us that we go mourning all the day,
And we will find it easy to obey,
Of our best things forlorn ;

VI.

But not that we be glad ;
If it be true the mourners are the blest,
O leave us, in a world of sin, unrest,
And trouble, to be sad.

VII.

I spake, and thought to weep,
For sin and sorrow, suffering and crime,
That fill the world, all mine appointed time
A settled grief to keep.

VIII.

When lo ! as day from night,
As day from out the womb of night forlorn,
So from that sorrow was that gladness born,
Even in mine own despite.

IX.

Yet was not that by this
Excluded, at the coming of that joy
Fled not that grief, nor did that grief destroy
The newly-risen bliss :

X.

But side by side they flow,
Two fountains flowing from one smitten heart,
And oft-times scarcely to be known apart—
That gladness and that woe ;

XI.

Two fountains from one source,
Or which from two such neighbouring sources run,
That aye for him who shall unseal the one,
The other flows perforce.

XII.

And both are sweet and calm,
 Fair flowers upon the banks of either blow,
 Both fertilize the soil, and where they flow
 Shed round them holy balm.

That we should patiently, and with thanksgiving, bear our
 heavenly Father's correction;

ST. JOHN'S DAY.

ST. JOHN XXI, 21, 22.

J. Keble.

“ **L**ORD, and what shall this man do ?”
 Ask'st thou, Christian, for thy friend ?
 If his love for Christ be true,
 Christ hath told thee of his end :
 This is he whom God approves,
 This is he whom Jesus loves.

Ask not of him more than this,
 Leave it in his Saviour's breast,
 Whether, early call'd to bliss,
 He in youth shall find his rest,
 Or armed in his station wait
 Till his Lord be at the gate :

Whether in his lonely course
 (Lonely, not forlorn) he stay,
 Or with Love's supporting force,
 Cheat the toil and cheer the way :

Leave it all in His high hand,
Who doth hearts as streams command.¹

Gales from heaven, if so He will,
Sweeter melodies can wake
On the lonely mountain rill
Than the meeting waters make.
Who hath the Father and the Son,
May be left, but not alone.

Sick or healthful, slave or free,
Wealthy, or despised and poor—
What is that to him or thee,
So his love to Christ endure?
When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?
Only, since our souls will shrink
At the touch of natural grief,
When our earthly loved ones sink,
Lend us, Lord, Thy sure relief;
Patient hearts, their pain to see,
And Thy grace, to follow Thee.

That we should patiently, and with thanksgiving, bear our
heavenly Father's correction;

R. C. Trench.

O THOU of dark forebodings drear,
O thou of such a faithless heart,
Hast thou forgotten what thou art,
That thou hast ventured so to fear?

¹ Prov. xxi. 1.

No weed on Ocean's bosom cast,
 Borne by its never-resting foam
 This way and that, without an home,
 Till flung on some bleak shore at last—

But thou, the Lotus, which above
 Swayed here and there by wind and tide,
 Yet still below doth fixed abide,
 Fast rooted in the eternal Love.

That we should patiently, and with thanksgiving, bear our
 heavenly Father's correction;

REJOICING IN TRIBULATION.

Emily Taylor.

WHEN summer suns their radiance fling
 O'er every bright and beauteous thing;
 When, strong in faith, the evil day
 Of pain and grief seems far away;
 When sorrow, soon as felt, is gone,
 And smooth the stream of life glides on;
 When duty, cheerful, chosen, free,
 Brings her own prompt reward to thee;—
 'Tis easy; *then*, my soul to raise
 The grateful song of heavenly PRAISE.

But, worn and languid, day and night,
 To see the same unchanging sight,
 To feel the rising morn can bring
 Nor health, nor ease, upon its wing,

Nor form of beauty can create,
The languid sense to renovate ;
To look within, and feel the mind
Full charged with blessings for mankind ;
Then gazing round this little room,
To whisper, "This must be thy doom ;
Here must thou struggle ; here, alone,
Repress tired nature's rising moan :"
O then, my soul, how hard to raise,
In such an hour, the song of PRAISE.

To look on all this scene of tears,
Of doubts, of wishes, hopes, and fears,
As some preluding strain that tries
Our discords and our harmonies ;
To think how many a jarring string
The Master-hand in tune may bring ;
How, "finely-touched," the soul of pride
May sink, subdued and rectified ;
How, taught its inmost self to know,
May bless the hand which gave the blow—
Each root of bitterness removed,
Each plant of heavenly grace improved ;—
Instructed thus, who would not raise
To Heaven his song of cheerful PRAISE ?

To feel declining, day by day,
Each harsher murmur die away,
And secret springs of joy arise,
To lighten up the weary eyes ;
A hand invisible to feel,
Wounding, with kind design to heal,

In every bitter draught to think
 Of Him, who learned that cup to drink ;
 Again and oft again to look
 In rapture on that blessed Book,
 Whose soothing words proclaim to thee
 That, "as thy day thy strength shall be :"
 Then, with changed heart, and stedfast mind,
 High Heaven before, and earth behind,
 Thy path of pain again to tread
 Till earth receives thy wearied head—
 O blessed lot ! who would not raise,
 In life or death, the song of PRAISE ?

There should be no greater comfort to Christian persons
 than to be made like unto Christ, by suffering patiently ad-
 versities, troubles, and sicknesses.

"Hickes' Devotions."

TIS not for us and our proud hearts,
 O mighty Lord, to choose our parts,
 But act well what Thou giv'st ;
 'Tis not in our weak power to make
 One step o' th' way we undertake,
 Unless Thou us reliev'st.
 What Thou hast given Thou canst take,
 And, when Thou wilt, new gifts can make,
 All flows from Thee alone :
 When Thou didst give it, it was Thine ;
 When Thou retook'st it, 'twas not mine :
 Thy will in all be done.

It might perhaps too pleasant prove,
Too much attractive of my love,
And make me less love Thee :
Some things there are, Thy Scriptures say,
And Reason proves, that Heaven and they
Do seldom well agree.

Lord, let me then sit calmly down,
And rest contented with my own,
This is what Thou allow'st.
Keep Thou my mind serene and free,
Often to think of Heaven and Thee,
And what Thou there bestow'st.

There let me have my portion, Lord ;
There all my losses be restored,
No matter what falls here.
Is't not enough that we shall sing
And love for ever our blest King,
Whose goodness brought us there ?

Great God, as Thou art One, may we
With one another all agree,
And in Thy praise conspire :
May men and angels join and sing
Eternal hymns to Thee their King,
And make up all one choir.

Amen.

There should be no greater comfort to Christian persons, than to be made like unto Christ, by suffering patiently adversities, troubles, and sicknesses.

MONDAY BEFORE EASTER.

(PART.)

J. Keble.

THERE are who sigh that no fond heart is theirs,
None loves them best—O vain and selfish
sigh!

Out of the bosom of His love He spares—

The Father spares the Son, for thee to die.
For thee He died—for thee He lives again :
O'er thee He watches in His boundless reign.

Thou art as much His care, as if beside

Nor man nor angel lived in Heaven or earth :
Thus sunbeams pour alike their glorious tide

To light up worlds, or wake an insect's mirth :
They shine and shine with unexhausted store—
Thou art thy Saviour's darling—seek no more.

On thee and thine, thy warfare and thine end,

Even in His hour of agony He thought,
When, ere the final pang His soul should rend,

The ransom'd spirits one by one were brought
To his mind's eye—two silent nights and days,
In calmness for His far-seen hour He stays.

Ye vaulted cells where martyr'd seers of old
Far in the rocky walls of Sion sleep,
Green terraces and arched fountains cold,
Where lies the cypress shade so still and deep,
Dear sacred haunts of glory and of woe,
Help us, one hour, to trace His musings high and
low :

One heart-ennobling hour ! It may not be :
Th' unearthly thoughts have pass'd from earth
away,
And fast as evening sunbeams from the sea
Thy footsteps all in Sion's deep decay
Were blotted from the holy ground : yet dear
Is every stone of hers ; for Thou wast surely here.

There is a spot within this sacred dale
That felt Thee kneeling—touch'd Thy prostrate
brow :
One angel knows it. O might prayer avail
To win that knowledge ! sure each holy vow
Less quickly from th' unstable soul would fade,
Offer'd where CHRIST in agony was laid.

Might tears of ours once mingle with the blood
That from His aching brow by moonlight fell,
Over the mournful joy our thoughts would brood,
Till they had framed within a guardian spell
To chase repining fancies, as they rise,
Like birds of evil wing, to mar our sacrifice.

So dreams the heart self-flattering, fondly dreams;—
 Else wherefore, when the bitter waves o'erflow,
 Miss we the light, Gethsemane, that streams
 From thy dear name, where in His page of woe
 It shines, a pale kind star in winter's sky?
 Who vainly reads it there, in vain had seen Him
 die.

There should be no greater comfort to Christian persons,
 than to be made like unto Christ, by suffering patiently ad-
 versities, troubles, and sicknesses.

E. L. M.

COME, Tribulation, come ! let not this heart,
 Enlightened from above,
 Feel at thy near approach one painful smart,
 Thou gift of dying love !
 In sable garments drest,
 I own thee, dear bequest¹
 Of Him who sojourned here, as sorrow's constant
 guest.

Come, Tribulation, come ! thou plaintive Dove,
 Whose sweet unearthly note
 First warbled on my ear
 The heavenly message dear !
 And thou didst bear me down
 That plant of great renown,²
 Which shall my title prove to my celestial crown.

¹ John xvi. 33.

² Ezek. xxxiv. 29.

Come, Tribulation, come ! 'tis not in light
 A Saviour's face I see ;
 Cherubic hosts alone can dare that sight,
 Or the Beloved Three.¹
 'Tis when Thy shadowy form
 Broods in the o'erhanging storm,
 That tints of heavenly hue
 Amidst the landscape dark, I joy to view.

Come, Tribulation, come ! still on my way
 Attendant thou shalt be ;
 Till in the bright ethereal ray
 I feel no need of thee ;
 Then on a Saviour's breast
 For ever shall I rest,
 In His own image found, and with His glory blest !

He Himself went not up to joy, but first He suffered pain :
 He entered not into His glory before He was crucified.

ST. LUKE XXII. 42.

"Child's Christian Year."

NOT in Thine hours of conflict, Lord ;
 Not when the tempting fiend was nigh ;
 Nor when that bitter cup was poured,
 Thy garden agony ;—

¹ Matt. xvii. 12.

Not then, when uttermost Thy need
 Seemed light across Thy soul to break,
 No seraph form was seen to speed,
 No voice of comfort spake :
 Till by Thine own revealed word,¹
 The victory o'er the fiend was won ;—
 Till the sweet mournful cry was heard,²
 “ Thy will, not mine, be done !”

Then to the desert sped the blest,³
 And food, and peace, and joy conveyed ;—
 Then one, more favoured than the rest,⁴
 Glanced to the olive shade.
 Lord ! bring those precious moments back,
 When fainting, against sin we strain ;
 Or in Thy counsels fail to track
 Aught but the present pain.
 In darkness help us to contend ;
 In darkness yield to Thee our will ;
 And true hearts, faithful to the end,
 Cheer by Thine angels still !

¹ Matt. iv. 10.

³ Matt. iv. 11.

² Luke xxii. 42.

⁴ Luke xxii. 43.

He entered not into His glory before He was crucified.

EASTER DAY.

I.

THE Son of David bowed to die,
For man's transgression stricken ;
The Father's arm of power was nigh
The Son of God to quicken :
Praise Him that He died for men !
Praise Him that He rose again !

II.

Death seemed all conquering when he bound
The Lord of life in prison ;
The might of death was no where found
When Christ again was risen ;
Wherefore praise Him night and day,
Him who took death's sting away !

III.

His saints with Him must bow to death,
With Him are raised in spirit ;
With Him they dwell above by faith,
Accepted through His merit :
Who o'er death would victory win,
Live to Christ and die to sin.

IV.

Death may awhile his victims slay,
 Though of his terrors minished ;
 But he shall perish in the day¹
 When God His wars has finished :
 Heaven and earth resound the strain,
 Death by Jesus Christ is slain !

Our way to eternal joy is to suffer here with Christ ;

PATIENCE IN AFFLICTION.

Emily Taylor.

MOURNER in Zion ! do not weep :
 The Lord thou lov'st may long delay ;
 Yet still thy patient vigils keep ;
 That soothing voice shall all repay.

O weep no more ! thy God shall hear :
 From dwellings of adversity
 Thine humble cry shall reach His ear,
 And soon His voice shall answer thee.

¹ 1 Cor. xv. 26. Rev. xx. 14.

And though His hand to thee may deal
 The bitter bread of earthly woe,
And though across thy path may steal
 The waves of sorrow, sad and slow,

A time shall come, when, O how sweet—
 A voice, a heavenly voice, shall say ;
“This is the pathway for thy feet ;
 Turn hither, turn, no more to stray.”

And He shall give thee songs of cheer,
 And O how blest thy heart shall be !
Mourner in Zion, dry the tear,
 The Lord thy God shall comfort thee.

Our way to eternal joy is to suffer here with Christ :

WEDNESDAY BEFORE EASTER.

ST. LUKE. xxii. 42.

J. Keble.

O LORD my God, do Thou Thy holy will—
 I will lie still—
I will not stir, lest I forsake Thine arm,
 And break the charm
Which lulls me, clinging to my Father’s breast,
 In perfect rest.

Wild Fancy, peace ! thou must not me beguile
With thy false smile ;
I know thy flatteries and thy cheating ways ;
Be silent, Praise,
Blind guide with siren voice, and blinding all
That hear thy call.

Come, Self-devotion, high and pure,
Thoughts that in thankfulness endure,
Though dearest hopes are faithless found,
And dearest hearts are bursting round.
Come, Resignation, spirit meek,
And let me kiss thy placid cheek,
And read in thy pale eye serene
Their blessing, who by faith can wean
Their hearts from sense, and learn to love
God only, and the joys above.

They say, who know the life divine,
And upward gaze with eagle eyne,
That by each golden crown on high,
Rich with celestial jewelry,
Which for our Lord's redeem'd is set,
There hangs a radiant coronet,
All gemm'd with pure and living light,
Too dazzling for a sinner's sight,
Prepar'd for virgin souls, and them
Who seek the martyr's diadem.

Nor deem, who to that bliss aspire,
Must win their way through blood and fire.

The writhings of a wounded heart
Are fiercer than a foeman's dart.
Oft in Life's stillest shade reclining,
In Desolation unrepining,
Without a hope on earth to find
A mirror in an answering mind,
Meek souls there are, who little dream
Their daily strife an Angel's theme,
Or that the rod they take so calm,
Shall prove in Heaven a martyr's palm.

And there are souls that seem to dwell
Above this earth—so rich a spell
Floats round their steps, where'er they move,
From hopes fulfilled, and mutual love.
Such, if on high their thoughts are set,
Nor in the stream the source forget,
If prompt to quit the bliss they know,
Following the Lamb where'er He go,
By purest pleasures unbeguiled
To idolize or wife or child ;
Such wedded souls our God shall own
For faultless virgins round His throne.

Thus every where we find our suffering God,
And where He trod
May set our steps : the Cross on Calvary
Uplifted high
Beams on the martyr host, a beacon light
In open fight.

To the still wrestlings of the lonely heart
 He doth impart
 The virtue of His midnight agony,
 When none was nigh,
 Save God and one good angel, to assuage
 The tempest's rage.

Mortal ! if life smile on thee, and thou find
 All to thy mind,
 Think, who did once from Heaven to Hell descend
 Thee to befriend :
 So shalt thou dare forego, at His dear call,
 Thy best, thine all.

“ O Father ! not my will, but Thine be done”—
 So spake the Son.
 Be this our charm, mellowing Earth's ruder noise
 Of griefs and joys ;
 That we may cling for ever to Thy breast
 In perfect rest !

Our way to eternal joy is to suffer here with Christ ;
 WHO IS ALONE ?

“ *Gems of Sacred Poetry.* ”

HOW heavily the path of life
 Is trod by him who walks alone ;
 Who hears not, on his dreary way,
 Affection's sweet and cheering tone ;

Alone, although his heart should bound
With love to all things great and fair,
They love not him,—there is not one
His sorrow or his joy to share.

The ancient stars look coldly down
On man, the creature of a day ;
They lived before him, and live on
Till his remembrance pass away.
The mountain lifts its hoary head,
Nor to his homage deigns reply ;
The stormy billows bear him forth,
Regardless which—to live or die.

The floweret blooms unseen by him,
Unmindful of his warmest praise ;
And if it fades, seeks not his hand
Its drooping loveliness to raise.
The brute creation own his power,
And grateful serve him, tho' in fear ;
Yet cannot sympathize with man,
For if he weeps, they shed no tear.

Alone,—though in the busy town,
Where hundreds hurry to and fro—
If there is none who for his sake
A selfish pleasure would forego ;
And O how lonely among those
Who have not skill to read his heart,
When first he learns how summer friends
At sight of wintry storms depart.

My Saviour ! and didst Thou too feel
 How sad it is to be alone,
Deserted in the adverse hour
 By those who most Thy love had known ?
The gloomy path, though distant, still
 Was ever present to Thy view ;
O how couldst Thou, foreseeing it,
 For us that painful course pursue ?

Forsaken by Thy nearest friends,
 Surrounded by malicious foes,—
No kindly voice encouraged Thee,
 When the loud shout of scorn uprose.
Yet there was calm within Thy soul,
 Nor stoic pride that calmness kept,
Nor godhead unapproached by woe—
 Like man Thou hadst both loved and wept.

Thou wert not then alone, for God
 Sustained Thee by His mighty power ;
His arm most felt, His care most seen,
 When needed most in saddest hour ;
None else could comfort, none else knew,
 How dreadful was the curse of sin ;
He who controlled the storm without,
 Could gently whisper peace within.

Who is alone, if God be nigh ?
 Who shall repine at loss of friends,
While he has One of boundless power,
 Whose constant kindness never ends ?

Whose presence felt, enhances joy,
Whose love can stop each flowing tear,
And cause upon the darkest cloud
The pledge of mercy to appear.

Our door to enter into eternal life is gladly to die with
Christ;

LIFE THROUGH DEATH.

R. C. Trench.

A DEWDROP falling on the wild sea wave,
Exclaimed in fear—"I perish in this grave;"
But in a shell received, that drop of dew
Unto a pearl of marvellous beauty grew;
And, happy now, the grace did magnify
Which thrust it forth—as it had feared, to die;—
Until again, "I perish quite," it said,
Torn by rude diver from its ocean bed:
O unbelieving!—so it came to gleam
Chief jewel in a monarch's diadem.

That we may rise again from death, and dwell with Him
in everlasting life.

DEATH.

Henry Vaughan.

THOUGH since thy first sad entrance by
Just Abel's blood,
'Tis now six thousand years well-nigh,
And still thy sov'reignty holds good ;
Yet by none art thou understood.

We talk and name thee with much ease
As a tryed thing,
And every one can slight his lease,
As if it ended in a Spring,
Which shades and bowers doth rent-free bring.

To thy dark land these heedless go :
But there was ONE,
Who searched it quite through, to and fro,
And then, returning like the Sun,
Discovered all that there is done.

And since His death we throughly see
All thy dark way ;
Thy shades but thin and narrow be,
Which His first looks will quickly fray :
Mists make but triumphs for the day.

As harmless violets, which give
Their virtues here
For salves and syrups, while they live,
Do after calmly disappear,
And neither grieve, repine, nor fear,—

So die His servants ; and as sure
Shall they revive.
Then let not dust your eyes obscure,
But lift them up, where still alive,
Though fled from you, their spirits hive.

**Now, therefore, taking your sickness, which is thus
profitable for you, patiently.**

Wilberforce.

WITHIN this leaf, to every eye
So little worth, doth hidden lie
Most rare and subtle fragrancy.

Wouldst thou its secret strength unbind ?
Crush it, and thou shalt perfume find
Sweet as Arabia's spicy wind.

In this dull stone, so poor, and bare
Of shape or lustre, patient care
Will find for thee a jewel rare :

But first must skilful hands essay
 With file and flint to clear away
 The film which hides its fire from day.

This leaf? this stone? It is thy heart :
 It must be crushed by pain and smart,
 It must be cleansed by sorrow's art—

Ere it will yield a fragrance sweet,
 Ere it will shine, a jewel meet
 To lay before thy dear Lord's feet.

If require you to examine yourself and your estate, both
 toward God and man;

THE METHOD.

George Herbert.

POOR heart, lament !
 For since thy God refuseth still,
 There is some rub, some discontent,
 Which cools his will.

Thy Father *could*
 Quickly effect what thou dost move,
 For HE is POWER : and sure HE *would*,
 For HE is LOVE.

Go, search this thing :
Tumble thy breast, and turn thy book.
If thou hadst lost a glove, or ring,
Wouldst thou not look ?

What do I see
Written above there ?—“ Yesterday
I did behave me carelessly,
When I did pray.”

And should God’s ear
To such indifferents chained be,
Who do not their own motions hear ?
Is God less free ?

But stay, what’s there ?—
“ Late when I would have something done,
I had a motion to forbear ;
Yet I went on.”

And should God’s ear,
Which needs not man, be tied to those
Who hear not Him, but quickly hear
His utter foes ?

Then once more pray :
Down with thy knees, up with thy voice ;
Seek pardon first ; and God will say—
“ Glad heart, rejoice !”

Remember the profession which you made unto God in
your Baptism.

MY BAPTISMAL BIRTH-DAY.

S. T. Coleridge.

GOD'S child in Christ adopted,—Christ my
all,—

What that earth boasts were not lost cheaply, rather
Than forfeit that blest name, by which I call
The Holy One, the Almighty God, my Father?
Father! in Christ we live, and Christ in Thee;
Eternal Thou, and everlasting we.

The heir of heaven, henceforth I fear not death;
In Christ I live, in Christ I draw the breath
Of the true life; let then earth, sea, and sky
Make war against me! on my front I show
Their mighty Master's seal. In vain they try
To end my life, that can but end its woe.
Is that a death-bed where a Christian lies?
Yes; but not his—'tis Death itself there dies.

Remember the profession which you made unto God in
your Baptism.

RULES AND LESSONS.

(PART.)

Henry Vaughan.

WHEN first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul
leave
To do the like ; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty. True hearts spread and heave
Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun.
Give Him thy first thoughts then ; so shalt thou
keep
Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up ; prayer should
Dawn with the day ; there are set, awful hours
'Twixt heaven and us ; the manna was not good
After sun-rising ; far-day sullies flowers.
Rise to prevent the sun ; sleep doth sins glut,
And heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures : note the hush
And whispers amongst *them*. There's not a spring
Or leaf but hath his morning hymn ; each bush
And oak doth know I AM.—Canst thou not sing?

O leave thy cares and follies ! go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world ; let Him not go,
Until thou hast a blessing ; then resign
The whole unto Him ; and remember who
Prevail'd by wrestling ere the sun did shine.
Pour oil upon the stones ;¹ weep for thy sin ;
Then journey on, and have an eye to heav'n.

Mornings are mysteries : the first world's youth,
Man's resurrection, and the future's bud,
Shroud in their births : the crown of life, light,
truth,
Is styl'd their star,² the stone, and hidden food.
Three blessings wait upon them, two of which
Should move ; they make us holy, happy, rich.

When the world's up, and every swarm abroad,
Keep thou thy temper ; mix not with each clay ;
Despatch necessities ; life hath a load
Which must be carried on, and safely may.
. Yet keep those cares *without* thee ; let the heart
Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

¹ Gen. xxviii. 18.

² Rev. ii. 28.

There is an account to be given unto the righteous Judge,
by whom all must be judged.

DIES IRÆ.

R. C. Trench.

O THAT day, that day of ire,
Told of Prophet, when in fire
Shall a world dissolved expire !

O what terror shall be then,
When the Judge shall come again,
Strictly searching deeds of men :

When a trump of awful tone,
Thro' the caves sepulchral blown,
Summons all before the throne.

What amazement shall o'ertake
Nature, when the dead shall wake,
Answer to the Judge to make.

Open then the book shall lie,
All o'erwrit for every eye
With a world's iniquity.

When the Judge His place has ta'en,
All things hid shall be made plain,
Nothing unavenged remain.

What then, wretched ! shall I speak ?
Or what intercessor seek,
When the just man's cause is weak ?

Jesus, Lord, remember, pray,
I the cause was of Thy way ;
Do not lose me on that day.

King of awful majesty,
Who the saved dost freely free,
Fount of mercy, pity me.

Tired Thou satest, seeking me—
Crucified, to set me free ;
Let such pain not fruitless be.

Terrible Avenger, make
Of Thy mercy me partake,
Ere that day of vengeance wake.

As a criminal I groan,
Blushing deep my fault I own :
Grace be to a suppliant shown.

Thou who Mary didst forgive,
And who bad'st the robber live,
Hope to me dost also give.

Tho' my prayer unworthy be,
Yet O set me graciously
From the fire eternal free.

'Mid Thy sheep my place command,
From the goats far off to stand ;
Set me, Lord, at Thy right hand.

And when them who scorned Thee here
Thou hast judged to doom severe,
Bid me with Thy saved draw near.

Lying low before Thy throne,
Crushed my heart in dust, I groan ;
Grace be to a suppliant shown.

After this life there is an account to be given unto the righteous Judge, by whom all must be judged.

THE DAWNING.

Henry Vaughan.

AH ! what time wilt Thou come ? when shall
that crie
“The Bridegroom’s coming !” fill the sky ?
Shall it in the evening run,
When our words and works are done ?
Or will Thy all-surprising light
Break at midnight,
When either sleep, or some dark pleasure
Possesseth mad man without measure ?
Or shall these early fragrant hours
Unlock Thy bowers ;
And with their blush of light descry
Thy locks crown’d with Eternitie ?
Indeed it is the only time
That with Thy glory doth best chime ;
All now are stirring, every field
Full hymns doth yield ;
The whole Creation shakes off night,
And for Thy shadow looks the light :

Stars now vanish without number,
Sleepie planets set and slumber,
The pursie clouds disband and scatter,
All expect some sudden matter ;
Not one beam triumphs, but from far
That Morning Star.

O, at what time soever Thou,
Unknown to us, the heavens wilt bow,
And, with Thy angels in the van,
Descend to judge poor careless man,
Grant I may not like puddle lie
In a corrupt securtie,
Where, if a traveller water crave,
He finds it dead, and in a grave ;
But, as this restless, vocal spring
All day and night doth run, and sing,
And though here born, yet is acquainted
Elsewhere, and flowing keeps untainted ;
So let me, all my busie age,
In Thy free services engage ;
And though (while here) of force I must
Have commerce sometimes with poor dust,
And in my flesh, though vile and low,
As this doth in her channel, flow,
Yet let my course, my aim, my love,
And chief acquaintance be above ;
So when that day and hour shall come,
In which Thyself wilt be the sun,
Thou'l find me dressed and on my way,
Watching the break of Thy great day.

THE CREED.

Dost thou believe in God the Father Almighty,
Maker of heaven and earth?

And in Jesus Christ His only-begotten Son
our Lord? And that He was conceived by the
Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; that He
suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead,
and buried; that He went down into hell, and
also did rise again the third day; that He as-
cended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand
of God the Father Almighty; and from thence
shall come again at the end of the world, to judge
the quick and the dead?

And dost thou believe in the Holy Ghost; the
Holy Catholick Church; the Communion of
Saints; the Remission of sins; the Resurrec-
tion of the flesh; and everlasting life after death?

Answer. All this I stedfastly believe.

Dost thou believe in God the Father Almighty ?

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

R. C. Trench.

I SAY to thee—do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet
In lane, highway, or open street,—

That he and we and all men move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above ;

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain
And anguish, all are shadows vain,
That death itself shall not remain ;

That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led ;

Yet, if we will one Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way
Shall issue out in heavenly day ;

And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last.

And ere thou leave him, say thou this,
Yet one word more,—They only miss
The winning of that final bliss,

Who will not count it true, that Love,
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know,—
That to believe these things are so,
This firm faith never to forego,

Despite of all that seems at strife
With blessing, all with curses rife,
That *this* is blessing, *this* is life.

Dost thou believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth ?

THE VOYAGE OF EARTH.

g. s.

THIS grey round world, so full of life,
Of hate and love, and calm and strife,
Still ship-like on for ages fares,
And holds its course so smooth and true,
For all the madness of the crew,—
It must have better rule than theirs.

g. s.

IS life a sea? O, no, 'tis steadier far.
Is life a land? O, no, too fast 'tis driven.
It is, beneath its guiding heavenly Star,
An island floating towards the coast of Heaven.

And in Jesus Christ his only-begotten Son our Lord?

JESUS MY ALL.

J. Newton.

WHY should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the tempest's power?
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.

Though hot the fight, why quit the field,
Why must I either flee or yield,
Since Jesus is my mighty shield?

When creature comforts fade and die,
Worldlings may weep, but why should I?
Jesus still lives, and still is nigh.

Though all the flocks and herds were dead,
My soul a famine need not dread,
For Jesus is my living bread.

I know not what may soon betide,
Nor how my wants may be supplied;
But Jesus knows, and will provide.

Though sin would fill me with distress,
The throne of grace I dare address,
For Jesus is my righteousness.

Though faint my prayers and cold my love,
My stedfast hope shall not remove
While Jesus intercedes above.

Against me earth and hell combine,
But on my side is power divine ;
Jesus is all, and He is mine.

And that He was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary ; that He suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried : that He went down into hell, and also did rise again the third day : that He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty ;

LITANY.

Sir R. Grant.

I.

SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee ;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes :
O by all Thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany !

II.

By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of th' insulting tempter's power ;
Turn, O turn a favouring eye,
Hear our solemn Litany !

III.

By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept ;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode ;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold ;
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn Litany !

IV.

By Thine hour of dire despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice ;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn Litany !

V.

By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone,
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God :
O from Earth to Heaven restored,
Mighty, reascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn Litany !

And also did rise again the third day ; that He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty ;

THE DAWNING.

(PART.)

George Herbert.

A WAKE, sad heart, whom sorrow ever drowns ;
 Take up thine eyes, which feed on earth ;
 Unfold thy forehead, gather'd into frowns :
 Thy Saviour comes, and with Him mirth :

Awake, awake !

And with a thankful heart His comforts take.
 But thou dost still lament, and pine, and cry ;
 And feel His death, but not His victory.

Arise, sad heart ; if thou dost not withstand,
 Christ's resurrection thine may be.
 Do not by hanging down, break from the hand,
 Which, as it riseth, raiseth thee.

Arise, arise !

And from thence shall come again at the end of the world,
 to judge the quick and the dead ?

THE THRONE.

Henry Vaughan.

WHEN with these eyes, clos'd now by Thee,
 But then restored,
 The great and white Throne I shall see
 Of my dread Lord :

And lowly kneeling, (for the most
 Stiff then must kneel,)
 Shall look on Him, at whose high cost
 (Unseen) such joys I feel,—
 Whatever arguments or skill
 Wise heads shall use,
 Tears only and my blushes still
 I will produce.
 And should those speechless beggars fail,
 Which oft have won ;
 Then, taught by Thee, I will prevail,
 And say ; “ Thy will be done !”

And from thence shall come again at the end of the world,
 to judge the quick and the dead ?

“ IT IS I: BE NOT AFRAID.”

H. F. Lyte.

LOUD was the wind, and wild the tide ;
 The ship her course delayed :
 The Lord came to their help, and cried,
 “ Tis I : be not afraid.”

Who walks the waves in wondrous guise,
 By Nature’s laws unstaid ?
 “ Tis I,” a well-known voice replies ;
 “ Tis I : be not afraid.”

He mounts the deck : down lulls the sea ;
The tempest is allayed ;
The ~~prostrate~~ crew adore ; and He
"Exclaims, "Be not afraid."

Thus, when the storm ~~of~~ life is high,
Come, Saviour, to my aid !
Come, when ~~no~~ other help is nigh,
And say, "Be not afraid."

Speak, and my griefs no more are heard ;
Speak, and my fears are laid ;
Speak, and my soul shall bless the word,
"Tis I : be not afraid."

When on the bed of death I lie,
And stretch my hands for aid,
Stand Thou before my glazing eye,
And say—"Be not afraid."

Before Thy judgment-seat above
When nature sinks dismayed,
O cheer me with a word of love—
"Tis I : be not afraid."

Worlds may around to wreck be driven,
If then I hear it said,
By Him who rules through earth and Heaven,
"Tis I : be not afraid."

And dost thou believe in the Holy Ghost;

The Liturgy.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire.
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts impart.
Thy blessed unction from above,
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.
Anoint, and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace.
Keep far our foes, give peace at home :
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but One.
That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song ;
Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

The Holy Catholick Church; the Communion of Saints;

ALL SAINTS.

S. Wilberforce.

IT was upon the morning of All Saints—
A glorious autumn morn :—The crimson sun
With rays aslant lit up a silver mist
Which had crept on all night—as some great host—
Through every lowland valley, but was now
Melting in softest light, like childhood's dream.
Above me the clear sky showed almost dark,
So deep its blue beside the gorgeous east.
No cloud had stained it yet, but here and there
A snowy vapour, severed from the rest,
Hung high above, as though the visible breath
Of passing Angels.—I had sat me down
Upon a high hill side, to see day break,
And think upon All Saints. I know not now
Whether I slept—but so it seemed to me,
My trancèd senses sunk o'erpowered before
The glorious presence of an Holy One,
A watcher from on high, who thus to me,
Reading my thoughts, spake graciously :—“Thou
wouldst
Behold this goodly army of All Saints,
And scan their noble bearing: watch awhile
With eye intent, and I will pass before thee
The sight for which thou cravest.”

Fixed I sat
With earnest gaze upon the glowing sky
Where, as I deemed, with all its glory wreathed,
The pageant I should see of passing hosts
Bright with celestial radiance.—Nought I saw ;
Only with tottering steps before mine eyes
A meek old man moved by, who feebly helped
The utter weariness of aged feet
With a poor staff,—and then on that hill side
A woman passed, belike a new-made widow,
With her deep weeds—and on her sunken cheek
Sat the pale hue of nights unrestful, spent
In heart-sick watching by some bed of pain :—
Yet on her brow, which the sun's rays now lighted,
Methought there dwelt a glow, brighter than his,
Of peace and holy calm. And so she passed.
Nor saw I more—save that a little child,
Of brightest childlike gentleness, passed by,
Lisping his morning song of infant praise
With a half inward melody ; as though
He were too happy for this creeping earth.
—Yet I sat watching : till upon my ear
Broke that same heavenly voice—“ What wouldst
thou more,
Or why this empty gaze ? Already thou
In those that passed thee by hast seen ALL SAINTS.”

The Communion of Saints ;

PSALM LXXVIII. 39.

“ FOR HE REMEMBERED THAT THEY WERE BUT FLESH ;
A WIND THAT PASSETH AWAY, AND COMETH NOT AGAIN.”

T. V. Fosbery.

SWIFT o'er the desert plains the wild wind
sweeps,

Swift o'er the sea, that heaves beneath its power ;
And steady flight o'er fairest scenes it keeps,

Tho' perfume breathes from every sunlit bower :
Earth knows no charm its onward course to stay ;
It takes no rest, it passeth on, alway.

Lord, are we likened to this fleeting wind ?—

To quit this earthly life we do not grieve,
But must the yearning spirit leave behind

The dear and true whom it is death to leave ?
Sure our strong hearts' deep love can never fail
As part and break the clouds before the gale.

Only the mortal frame can fade and die ;

All that is worthy of a spirit's love
Shall cleave to us throughout eternity,

Shall dwell with us in far bright worlds above :
Here if pains, partings, sorrows, cares molest—
Swift flight is ours,—before us lies our rest.

Here we are severed far ; Thou seest, Lord,
 How each in lonely course is onward driven ;—
 Thy righteousness, Thy love, Thy strength afford,
 So shalt Thou gather us to meet in Heaven ;
 And us, Thy wandering *winds*, Thou then shalt own,
 Hush'd into still pure *air*, around Thy throne.

The Communion of Saints ;

Henry Vaughan.

JOY of my Life while left me here,
 And still my Love !
 How in thine absence thou dost steere
 Me from above !
 A life well led
 This truth commends—
 With quick or dead
 It never ends.

Stars are of mighty use : the night
 Is dark, and long ;
 The road foul, and where *one* goes right
 Six may go wrong.
 One twinkling ray
 Shot o'er some cloud,
 May cleare much way
 And guide a crowd.

God's saints are shining lights : who stays
Here long, must passe
O'er dark hills, swift stremes, and steep ways
As smooth as glasse ;
But these all night
Like candles, shed
Theire beams, and light
Us into bed.

They are indeed our Pillar-fires,
Seen as we go ;
They are that Citiē's shining spires
We travel to :
A sword-like gleame
Kept man for sin
First *out* ;—This beame
Will guide him *in*.

The Communion of Saints ;

COMMUNION WITH THE DEPARTED.

E. M.

O FOR some soothing voice
To dissipate th' impending gloom ! to
breathe
The balmy fragrance of a world, where love
In life unfading dwells ! This wintry earth

Replete with wild decay, forbids again
Rest in vicissitude,—the sacred power
Of friendship, is spell-bound, and the fair hopes
That lived upon her smile, are vanished all.
Enwrapt in woe, my solitary soul
O'er the sad records of departed joy
Sits brooding ; and “the song of other days”
Seems but the echo of a distant knell.
Say then, whence flows this gentle sympathy,
Which, 'mid the burden of desponding thought,
Makes known its influence? O not of earth,
Sweet solace, art thou born ! nor dost thou speak
In tones of human tenderness : no word
Finds utterance from thee, yet the rapt soul
Listens, as if celestial harmony
Her powers enthralled,—as if the paradise
Of blessed ones unfolded to her view,
Inviting entrance. Thou comest to reveal
That we are not alone, that those we lost
Erewhile from earth's communion, watch us still
With tender assiduity, and soothe
The grief that spirits freed no longer share.
Ah, why then veiled the forms so dearly loved
In clouds impassable? Why mark we not
With every welcome proof of tenderness
The hand bestowing, and the gentle voice
Which brings unknown the message of relief?
May we not recognise and joy to claim
Kindred with spirits who delight to share
Our guardianship with angel ministers?—
O rarely in this weary pilgrimage

Is such a grant bestowed ! They still are ours,
The brethren, sisters, friends ; and in the day
Of overwhelming woe, or dire assault,
Some gentle intimation speaks them nigh
In very presence ; to some favoured few
Alone, is e'er vouchsafed the vision which
Has to the anxious heart brought peace and rest.
Yet ask we not the same,—it may not please
Him in whose hand our being's welfare is,
Thus to dispense His mercy ; 'tis enough
That they are here, though this dim twilight scene
Forbids us the delight to realise ;
And they, rejoicing in the perfectness
Of glad obedience, seek not to reveal
Their guardian powers, even to the best beloved.
And yet (O might we ask !) upon the verge
Of being—when the failing heart and flesh
Sustain the mortal conflict, that the veil
Might by some cherished hand be drawn aside,
While some sweet smile on which we erst had gazed
Beamed through the darkness—

Be the hope forgiven !

Thou Saviour, Thou the Guide, we will not turn
To creature help, but in Thy arms upborne,
Abundant entrance shall be ministered
Into the land of everlasting light.

The Communion of Saints ;

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

H. W. Longfellow.

WHEN the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight ;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlour wall :

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door ;
The belovèd, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more :

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life !

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more !

And with them the being beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saintlike,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died !

The Remission of sins;

"Hymns of the Primitive Church."

WHILE Thine avenging arrows, Lord,
Encompass us around,
What hand but that which caused the smart
Can cure the deadly wound ?

Depart, vain world, for how canst thou
Relieve the festering sore ?
Thy comfort is but vanity,
And irritates it more.

We tremble, Lord, beneath Thy rod,
But we do not despair ;
We see the good Physician's hand
In all He bids us bear.

But O, so fierce the contest burns,
Good Lord, no more delay ;
O yield not to their deadly foes
Thy people for a prey.

Our prayer is heard : our foes depart,
And we once more take breath :
Thy death, O Christ, relieves the soul
From all its fears of death.

All praise and glory be ascribed
To God, who reigns above ;
Who scourges those whom He receives,
And chastens them in love.

*The Resurrection of the flesh ; and everlasting life after
death ?*

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

J. S.

THERE is a world of Death beneath our feet ;
There is a world of Life above our heads ;
Here ruins, graves, dry leaves, fallen blossoms meet ;
There God, in light and air, His glory spreads.

WHERE TO LOOK.

J. S.

BEND not thy light-desiring eyes below ;
There thy own shadow waits upon thee ever ;
But raise thy looks to Heaven, and lo !
The shadeless sun rewards thy weak endeavour.
Who sees the dark, is dark ; but turn towards the
light,
And thou becom'st like that which fills thy sight.

And everlasting life after death ?

ON TIME.

Milton.

FLY, envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace ;
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is false and vain,
And merely mortal dross ;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain.
For when as each thing bad thou hast entombed,
And last of all thy greedy self consumed,
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss ;
And joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When every thing that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With truth, and peace, and love, shall ever shine
About the supreme throne
Of Him, to whose happy-making sight alone,
When once our heavenly-guided soul shall climb,
Then, (all this earthly grossness quit,)
Attired with stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee,
O Time.

The Resurrection of the flesh ; and everlasting life after
death ?

GOD'S ACRE.

H. W. Longfellow.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
The burial-ground God's Acre ! It is just ;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's Acre ! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those, who in the grave have sown
The seed that they have garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas ! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth ;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow ;
This is the field and Acre of our God :
This is the place where human harvests grow !

Overlasting life after death ?

NOVEMBER.

H. F. Lyte.

THE autumn wind is moaning low the requiem
of the year ;
The days are growing short again, the fields forlorn
and sere ;
The sunny sky is waxing dim, and chill the hazy
air ;
And tossing trees before the breeze are turning
brown and bare.

All nature and her children now prepare for rougher
days :
The squirrel makes his winter bed, and hazel hoard
purveys ;
The sunny swallow spreads his wings to seek a
brighter sky ;
And boding owl, with nightly howl, says cloud and
storm are nigh.

No more 'tis sweet to walk abroad among the evening dews :
The flowers are fled from every path, with all their scents and hues :
The joyous bird no more is heard, save where his slender song
The robin drops, as meek he hops the withered leaves among.

Those withered leaves, that slender song, a solemn truth convey,—
In wisdom's ear they speak aloud of frailty and decay :
They say, that man's appointed year shall have its winter too ;
Shall rise and shine, and then decline, as all around him do.

They tell him, all he has on earth, his brightest dearest things,
His loves and friendships, joys and hopes, have all their falls and springs :
A wave upon a moon-lit sea, a leaf before the blast,
A summer flower, an April hour, that gleams and hurries past.

And be it so : I know it well : myself, and all that's mine,
Must roll on with the rolling year, and ripe to decline.

I do not shun the solemn truth : to him it is not
drear
Whose hopes can rise above the skies, and see a
Saviour near.
It only makes him feel with joy, this earth is not
his home ;
It sends him on from present ills to brighter hours
to come :
It bids him take with thankful heart whate'er his
God may send,
Content to go through weal or woe to glory in the
end.

Then murmur on, ye wintry winds ; remind me of
my doom :
Ye lengthened nights, still image forth the darkness
of the tomb.
Eternal summer lights the heart where Jesus deigns
to shine.
I mourn no loss, I shun no cross, so Thou, O Lord,
art mine !

The Resurrection of the flesh ; and everlasting life after
death ?

RESURRECTION AND IMMORTALITY.

HEBREWS X. 20.

Henry Vaughan.

BODY.

I.

OFT have I seen—when that renewing breath
That binds and loosens death,
Inspired a quick'ning power through the dead
Creatures a-bed—
Some drowsie silk-worm creep
From that long sleepe,
And, in weak infant hummings, chime and knell
About her silent cell ;
Until at last, full with the vital ray,
She winged away ;
And proud with life and sense
Heaven's rich expense,
Esteemed (vain thing) of two whole elements
As mean, and span-extents.
Shall I then think such Providence will be
Lesse friend to me ?
Or that He can endure to be unjust
Who keeps His covenant even with our dust ?

SOULE.

II.

Poore querulous handful, was't for this
I taught thee all that is?
Unbowel'd Nature, showed thee her recruits,
And change of suits;
And how of death we make
A mere mistake?
For no thing can to nothing fall, but still
Incorporates by skill,
And then returns, and from the wombe of things
Such treasure brings
As phoenix-like renew'th
Both life and youth.
For a persevering Spirit doth still passe
Untainted through this masse
Which doth resolve, produce, and ripen all
That to it fall;
Nor are those births, which we
Thus suffering see,
Destroyed at all; but when time's restless wave
Their substance doth deprave,
And the more noble Essence finds his house
Sickly and loose,
He, ever young, doth wing
Unto that spring
And source of spirits, where he takes his lot
Till time no more shall rot
His passive cottage; which, (though laid aside,)
Like some spruce bride

Shall one day rise, and, clothed with shining light
 All pure and bright,
Re-marry to the soule ; for 'tis most plain
 Thou only fall'st to be refined againe.

III.

Then I that here saw darkly in a glasse
 But mists and shadows pass,
And by their own weake shine did search the springs
 And course of things,
 Shall with enlightened rayes
 Pierce all their wayes.
And, as thou saw'st I in a thought could go
 To Heaven, or Earth below,
To read some starre, or mineral,—and in state
 There often sate—
 So shalt thou then with me
 (Both winged, and free,)
Rove in that mighty and eternal light
 Where no rude shade or night
Shall dare approach us ; we shall no more
 Watch stars, or pore
 Through melancholy clouds, and say—
 “Would it were day :”
One everlasting Sabbath there shall run,
Without succession, and without a Sun !

The Resurrection of the flesh ; and everlasting life after death ?

DEATH.

George Herbert.

DEATH, thou wast once an uncouth hideous thing,
Nothing but bones,
The sad effect of sadder groans ;
Thy mouth was open, but thou could'st not sing.

For we consider'd thee as at some six
Or ten years hence,
After the loss of life and sense,
Flesh being turn'd to dust, and bones to sticks.

We look'd on this side of thee, shooting short ;
Where we did find
The shells of fledg'd souls left behind ;
Dry dust, which sheds no tears—but may extort.

But since our Saviour's death did put some blood
Into thy face,
Thou art grown fair and full of grace,
Much in request, much sought for as a good.

For we do now behold thee gay and glad
As at doomsday ;
When souls shall wear their new array,
And all thy bones with beauty shall be clad.



Therefore we can go die, as sleep ; and trust
 Half that we have
Unto an honest faithful grave :
Making our pillows either down or dust.

*The Resurrection of the flesh ; and everlasting life after
death ?*

Henry Vaughan.

I.

I WALKED the other day (to spend my hour)
 Into a field,
Where I sometimes had seen the soil to yield
 A gallant flowre ;
But winter now had ruffled all the bowre
 And curious store,
I knew there heretofore.

II.

Yet I, whose search loved not to peep and peer
 In th' face of things,
Thought with myself, there might be other Springs
 Besides this here
Which, like cold friends, sees us but once a year ;
 And so the flowre
Might have some other bowre.

III.

Then taking up what I could nearest spie,
I digged about
That place where I had seen him to grow out ;
And by and bye
I saw the warm recluse alone to lie
Where, fresh and green,
He lived, of us unseen.

IV.

Many a question intricate and rare
Did I there strow ;
But all I could extort was, that he now
Did there repair
Such losses as befel him in this air ;
And would, ere long,
Come forth most fair and young.

V.

This past, I threw the clothes quite o'er his head,
And stung with fear
Of my own frailty, dropt down many a tear
Upon his bed :
Then sighing whispered,—“ *Happy are the dead !*
 What peace doth now
 Rock him asleep below !”



VI.

And yet how few believe such doctrine springs
From a poor root,
Which all the winter sleeps here under foot,
And hath no wings
To raise it to the truth and light of things,
But is still trod
By every wandering clod.

VII.

O Thou whose Spirit did at first inflame
And warm the dead,
And by a sacred incubation fed
With life this frame,
Which once had neither being, forme, nor name ;
Grant I may so
Thy steps track here below,

VIII.

That in these masques and shadows I may see
Thy sacred way ;
And by those hid ascents climb to that day
Which breaks from Thee,
Who art in all things, though invisibly.
Show me Thy peace,
Thy mercy, love, and ease.

IX.

And from this care, where dreams and sorrows reign,
 Lead me above,
 Where light, joy, leisure, and true comforts move,
 Without all paine :
 There, hid in Thee, show me his life againe,
 At whose dumbe urn
 Thus all the year I mourn !

The Resurrection of the flesh ; and everlasting life after death ?

THE MYSTERY OF NATURE.

“ **W**HY roam’st thou, sad and downward eyed,
 Pale pilgrim, sable clad ?
 While earth bedecks her like a bride,
 In vernal sunshine glad.

“ The snowdrop’s reign is almost gone,
 And gayer flowers unfold,
 Narcissus with its clusters fair,
 And crocus gleaming gold.

“ But thou the while dost paler grow,
 More sadness hangs o’er thee,
 As if this pomp of loveliness
 It sickened thee to see.”

“There was a time when I drank in
The sunshine of the spring,
Which now upon my faded brow
Doth baneful shadows fling.

“But nature’s face is changed to me,
In funeral trappings clad,
The more all other hearts are gay,
The more my heart is sad.

“Earth, in her winter dress of gloom,
Is welcome to my eye,
But spare me all her pomp and glare
Of vernal pageantry.”

“O say not so, thou pilgrim pale,
But muse and pray awhile ;
And so shall nature’s darkened face
Resume its morning smile.

“Look on her with the eye of faith,
And so thy heart shall learn,
Of her mysterious loveliness
The meaning to discern.

“We may not turn in gloom away,
For One her ground hath trod,
And left a glory round her path,
Our Master and our God ;

“ And since that hour, this wondrous world
Is but the outer shell,
Which wraps a world more wondrous still
Wherein His chosen dwell.

“ And He who framed that inner world
With His creative breath,
Has rent in twain the barrier stern,
That parted life from death.

“ Alike on either side the tomb
That unseen realm is spread,
It knows no severing line between
The living and the dead.

“ The saints we see not, gathered there,
Blend with the saints we see ;
One hidden life pervading all
In mystic unity.

“ And in the fulness of the time,
This outer world of sin
Shall burst and shrivel, and disclose
The glorious world within.

“ Then shall the sons of God no more
Seem like to sons of clay,
Their hidden sacramental life
Made manifest that day.



“ And all the beauty that we see
Clothing this outer earth,
Is but the type, perchance the germ,
Of her immortal birth.

“ Then shrink not from the gorgeous spring,
For all her flowers are born
Blest harbingers, to herald forth
The resurrection morn.

“ And dream of dreariness no more,
But rouse thee, toil and pray ;
So thou in thine own lot mayst stand,
Safe on that awful day.”

All this I steadfastly believe.

MARK IX. 24.

“ LORD, I BELIEVE ; HELP THOU MINE UNBELIEF.”

J. S. Monsell.

YEES ! I do feel, my God, that I am Thine !
Thou art my joy,—myself, mine only grief ;
Hear my complaint, low bending at Thy shrine,—
“ Lord, I believe ; help Thou mine unbelief !”

Unworthy even to approach so near,
My soul lies trembling like a summer’s leaf ;
Yet, O forgive ! I doubt not, though I fear,—
“ Lord, I believe ; help Thou mine unbelief !”

True, I am weak, ah very weak,—but then
 I know the source whence I can draw relief;
 And though repulsed, I still can plead again—
 “Lord, I believe ; help Thou mine unbelief !”

O draw me nearer ! for, too far away,
 The beamings of Thy brightness are too brief ;
 While Faith, though fainting, still hath strength to
 pray—
 “Lord, I believe ; help Thou mine unbelief !”

All this I steadfastly believe.

FAITH.

Henry Vaughan.

BRIGHT and blest beam ! whose strong pro-
 jection
 Equal to all,
 Reacheth as well things of dejection,
 As the high and tall ;
 How hath my God by raying thee
 Enlarged His spouse,
 And of a private familie
 Made open house !
 All may be now co-heirs ; no noise
 Of *bond* or *free*
 Can interdict us from those joys
 That wait on Thee.

The Law and ceremonies made
A glorious night,
Where stars, and clouds, both light and shade
Had equal right :
But as in nature, when the day
Breaks, night adjourns,
• • • • •
• • • • •
So when the Sun of righteousness
Did once appear,
That scene was changed, and a new dresse,
Left for us here ;
Veils became useless, altars fell,
Fires smoking die ;
And all that sacred pomp and shell
Of things did flie.
Then did He shine forth, whose sad fall
And bitter fights
Were figured in those mystical
And cloudie rites :—
And as in the natural Sun, these three,
Light, motion, heat,
So are now Faith, Hope, Charity,
Through Him complete.
Faith spars up blisse ; what sin and death
Put us quite from,
Lest we should run for't out of breath,
Faith brings us home ;
So that I need no more, but say—
“ I do believe,”
And my most loving Lord straightway
Doth answer ; “ LIVE.”

COLLECT.

¶ most merciful God, who, according to the multitude of Thy mercies, dost so put away the sins of those who truly repent, that Thou rememberest them no more; Open Thine eye of mercy upon this Thy servant, who most earnestly desireth pardon and forgiveness. Renew in him, most loving Father, whatsoever hath been decayed by the fraud and malice of the devil, or by his own carnal will and frailness; preserve and continue this sick member in the unity of the Church: consider his contrition, accept his tears, asswage his pain, as shall seem to Thee most expedient for him. And forasmuch as he putteth his full trust only in Thy mercy, impute not unto him his former sins, but strengthen him with Thy blessed Spirit; and when Thou art pleased to take him hence, take him unto Thy favour, through the merits of Thy most dearly beloved Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Open Thine eye of mercy upon this Thy servant, who most earnestly desireth pardon and forgiveness.

PSALM CXXX.

Phineas Fletcher.

FROM the depths of grief and fear,
O Lord ! to Thee my soul repairs :
From Thy Heaven bow down Thine ear ;
Let Thy mercy meet my prayers.
O if Thou mark'st
What's done amiss,
What soul so pure,
Can see Thy bliss ?

But with Thee sweet mercy stands,
Sealing pardons, working fear :
Wait my soul, wait on His hands ;
Wait mine eye, O wait mine ear :
If He his eye
Or tongue affords,
Watch all His looks,
Catch all His words.

As a watchman waits for day,
And looks for light, and looks again ;
When the night grows old and gray,
To be relieved he calls amain ;

So look, so wait,
 So long mine eyes,
 To see my Lord,
 My Sun arise.

Wait, ye saints, wait on our Lord ;
 For from His tongue sweet mercy flows :
 Wait on His cross, wait on His word ;
 Upon that tree redemption grows ;
 He will redeem
 His Israel
 From sin and wrath,
 From death and hell.

Open Thine eye of mercy upon this Thy servant.

PSALM XLII.

PARAPHRASE.

Lewis Way.

LIKE as the thirsty roe doth strive
 To reach the river side,
 My longing soul, to God alive,
 Desireth none beside.

For God, the living God, I pant,
 His countenance to see,
 For in His presence all I want
 Will manifested be.

Tears are my meat by day and night,
Beneath His chast'ning rod ;
My foes continually say,
"Ah ! where is now thy God ?"

I think thereon with pensive care,
In secret muse alone,
Or with the multitude repair
To bow before His throne.

With such as keep His holy day
My feeble voice I raise,
I find it good with them to pray,
To offer thanks and praise.

Then why so heavy, O my soul ?
Why sinks the drooping head ?
His mercy soon will make thee whole,
Be not disquieted.

Remember Jordan's promised land ;
The people vexed like you,
Shall taste again at His command
Of Hermon's heavenly dew.

One deep doth on another call,
Like waterpipes below,
The waves uprising but to fall,
Subsiding as they flow.

The loving-kindness of the day
Shall be my nightly song,
And while I live, to Him I'll pray
Who doth my life prolong.

When I am weak He still supplies
 The strength I daily need,
 And at His word mine enemies
 Are all discomfited.

He ever lifteth up my face
 To look to Him alone,
 The God and giver of all grace,
 The glorious Holy One !

Open Thine eye of mercy upon this Thy servant.

R. C. Trench.

NOT Thou from us, O Lord, but we
 Withdraw ourselves from Thee.
 When we are dark and dead,
 And Thou art covered with a cloud,
 Hanging before Thee, like a shroud,
 So that our prayer can find no way,
 O teach us that we do not say,
 “Where is *thy* brightness fled?”

But that we search and try
 What in ourselves has wrought this blame ;
 For Thou remainest still the same,
 But earth’s own vapours earth may fill
 With darkness and thick clouds, while still
 The sun is in the sky.



Open Thine eye of mercy upon this Thy servant.

A PRAYER.

(PART.)

Princess Elisabeth (Queen of Bohemia).

O MY God ! for Christ His sake,
Quite from me this dulness take ;
Cause me earth's love to forsake,
And of Heaven my realm to make.

If early thanks I render Thee,
That Thou hast enlightened me
With such knowledge that I see
What things most behoveful be ;

O enlighten more my sight,
And dispel my darksome night,
Good Lord, by Thy heavenly light,
And Thy beams most pure and bright.

What care I for lofty place,
If the Lord grant me His grace,
Showing me His pleasant face,
And with joy I end my race ?

O my soul of heavenly birth,
Do thou scorn this basest earth ;
Place not here thy joy and mirth,
Where of bliss is greatest dearth.

From below thy mind remove
 And affect the things above :
 Set thy heart and fix thy love
 Where the truest joys shalt prove.

If I do love things on high,
 Doubtless them enjoy shall I ;
 Earthly pleasures if I try,
 They pursued faster fly.

To me grace, O Father, send,
 On Thee wholly to depend,
 That all may to Thy glory tend ;
 So let me live, so let me end.

Now to the true Eternal King,
 Not seen with human eye,
 Th' immortal, only wise, true God,
 Be praise perpetually !

Renew in him, most loving Father, whatsoever hath been
 decayed by the fraud and malice of the devil, or by his own
 carnal will and frailness ;

R. C. Trench.

ONCE if I felt no heart or strength to pray,
 If on a sudden vanished quite I found
 The goods wherein I dreamed I did abound,
 And this blank mood continued many a day,
 I was quite swallowed up in dim dismay :

My heart, I said, by deadly frost is bound,
And never will warm days again come round :
But now more hopefully I learn to say—
Either some sin is lurking in my breast,
Troubling the host,¹ which being once confess,
He will His presence and His light restore,
Or thus one needful lesson He is fain
To teach—that in ourselves we are always poor,
Which learned, He soon will make me rich again.

Preserve and continue this sick member in the unity of the
Church ;

EMPLOYMENT.

George Herbert.

I F as a flower doth spread and die,
Thou would'st extend me to some good,
Before I were by frosts' extremity
Nipt in the bud ;

The sweetness and the praise were Thine ;
But the extension and the room
Which in Thy garland I should fill, were mine,
At Thy great doom.

For as Thou dost impart Thy grace,
The greater shall our glory be.
The measure of our joys is in this place,
The stuff with Thee.

¹ See Josh. vii. 25.

Let me not languish, then, and spend
 A life as barren to Thy praise,
 As in the dust to which that life doth tend,
 But with delays.

All things are busy ; only I
 Neither bring honey with the bees,
 Nor flowers to make that, nor the husbandry
 To water these.

I am no link of Thy great chain,
 But all my company is as a weed.
 Lord! place me in Thy concert ; give *one* strain
 To my poor reed.

Preserve and continue this sick member in the unity of the
 Church ;

THE CONSTELLATION.

(PART.)

Henry Vaughan.

THUS, by our lusts disordered into wars,
 Our guides prove wand'ring stars,
 Which for these mists and black days were reserved,
 What time we from our first love swerved.

Yet O for His sake who sits now by Thee,
All crowned with victory,
So guide us through this darkness, that we may
Be more and more in love with day !

Settle and fix our hearts, that we may move
In order, peace, and love ;
And, taught obedience by Thy whole creation,
Become an humble, holy nation !

Give to Thy spouse her perfect and pure dress,
BEAUTY and HOLINESS ;
And so repair these rents, that men may see
And say, "Where God is, all agree."

Preserve and continue this sick member in the unity of the
Church ;

SUNDAY.

(PART.)

George Herbert.

O DAY most calm, most bright !
The fruit of this, the next world's bud ;
Th' indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a friend, and with His blood ;
The couch of time, care's balm and bane :—
The week were dark but for thy light ;
Thy torch doth show the way.

The Sundays of man's life
 Threaded together on time's string,
 Make bracelets to adorn the wife
 Of the eternal glorious King.
 On Sunday, heav'n's gate stands ope,
 Blessings are plentiful and rife,
 More plentiful than hope.

Thou art a day of mirth ;
 And, where the week-days trail on ground,
 Thy flight is higher, as thy birth.
 O let me take thee at the bound,
 Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
 Till that we both, being tossed from earth,
 Fly hand in hand to heaven.

Preserve and continue this sick member in the unity of the
 Church ;

SECRET PRAYER.

S. Wilberforce.

FROM the deep stillness of its mossy head,
 Full-fed by seething mists, the lonely rill
 Bounds on from stone to stone at its free will,
 Murmuring sweet music in its rocky bed ;
 By all save lonely bird unvisited—
 Yet ever with straight course advancing still
 Towards the common sea which all streams fill,

As one by an unswerving instinct led.—
Most like the sigh of solitary prayer,
From the hid fountains of some burthened heart,
Poured forth in secret, e'en as though there were
None with itself life's mystery to share ;—
Yet adding still, by an unconscious art,
To the whole Church's voice its own melodious
part.

Preserve and continue this sick member in the unity of the
Church ;

SUNDAY.

F. Hemans.

HOW many blessed groups this hour are bending,
Through England's primrose meadow-paths, their
way
Towards spire and tower, 'midst shadowy elms ascending,
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed
day !
The halls from old heroic ages grey
Pour their fair children forth ; and hamlets low,
With whose thick orchard-blooms the soft winds
play,
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a freed vernal stream. *I* may not tread
With them those pathways—to the feverish bed

Of sickness bound ;—yet, O my God, I bless
Thy mercy, that with sabbath peace hath fill'd
My chasteñ'd heart, and all its throbings still'd
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness.

He putteth his full trust only in Thy mercy.

JOY AND PEACE IN BELIEVING.

J. Newton.

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings ;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in His wings :
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new ;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say—
E'en let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may,

It can bring with it nothing,
But He will bear us through ;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too ;
Beneath the spreading Heavens
No creature but is fed ;
And He who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread.

Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there :
Yet Gòd the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice ;
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

Strengthen him with Thy blessed Spirit ; and, when Thou art pleased to take him hence, take him unto Thy favour, through the merits of Thy most dearly beloved Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

MISERY.

(PART.)

Henry Vaughan.

SUCH is man's life, and such is mine,
The worst of men, and yet still Thine ;

Still Thine, Thou know'st, and if not so,
Then give me over to my foe.
Yet since as easy 'tis for Thee
To make man good as bid him be,
And with one glance (could he that gain)
To look him out of all his pain,
O send me from Thy holy hill,
So much of strength, as may fulfil
All Thy delights (whate'er they be)
And sacred institutes in me !
Open my rockie heart, and fill
It with obedience to Thy will ;
Then seal it up, that as none see,
So none may enter there but Thee.
O hear, my God ! Hear him whose blood
Speaks more and better for my good !
O let my crie come to Thy throne !
My crie not poured with tears alone,
(For tears alone are often foul,)
But with the blood of all my soul ;
With spirit sighs, and earnest groans,
Faithful and most repenting moans ;
With these I crie, and crying pine,
Till Thou both mend, and make me Thine !

PSALM LXXI.

1 In Thee, O Lord, have I put my trust ; let me never be put to confusion : but rid me, and deliver me in Thy righteousness ; incline Thine ear unto me, and save me.

2 Be Thou my strong hold, wherunto I may alway resort : Thou hast promised to help me ; for Thou art my house of defence, and my castle.

3 Deliver me, O my God, out of the hand of the ungodly : out of the hand of the unrighteous and cruel man.

4 For Thou, O Lord God, art the thing that I long for : Thou art my hope, even from my youth.

5 Through Thee have I been holden up ever since I was born : Thou art He that took me out of my mother's womb ; my praise shall alway be of Thee.

6 I am become as it were a monster unto many : but my sure trust is in Thee.

7 O let my mouth be filled with Thy praise : that I may sing of Thy glory and honour all the day long.

8 Cast me not away in the time of age : forsake me not when my strength faileth me.

9 For mine enemies speak against me, and

they that lay wait for my soul take their coun-
sel together, saying : God hath forsaken him,
persecute him, and take him ; for there is none
to deliver him.

10 Go not far from me, O God : my God,
haste Thee to help me.

11 Let them be confounded and perish that
are against my soul : let them be covered with
shame and dishonour that seek to do me evil.

12 As for me, I will patiently abide alway :
and will praise Thee more and more.

13 My mouth shall daily speak of Thy right-
eousness and salvation : for I know no end
thereof.

14 I will go forth in the strength of the Lord
God : and will make mention of Thy righteous-
ness only.

15 Thou, O God, hast taught me from my
youth up until now : therefore will I tell of Thy
wondrous works.

16 Forsake me not, O God, in mine old age,
when I am gray-headed : until I have shewed
Thy strength unto this generation, and Thy power
to all them that are yet for to come.

17 Thy righteousness, O God, is very high,
and great things are they that Thou hast done :
O God, who is like unto Thee ?

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and
to the Holy Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever
shall be : world without end. Amen.

Psalms LXXXI.

Sir. R. Grant.

WITH years oppressed, with sorrows worn,
Dejected, harassed, sick, forlorn,
To Thee, O God, I pray :
To Thee, my withered hands arise,
To Thee I lift these failing eyes,
O cast me not away !

Thy mercy heard my infant prayer,
Thy love, with all a mother's care,
Sustained my childish days :
Thy goodness watched my ripening youth,
And formed my heart to love Thy truth,
And filled my lips with praise.

O Saviour ! has Thy grace declined ?
Can years affect the Eternal mind ?
Or time its love decay ?—
A thousand ages pass Thy sight,
And all their long and weary flight
Is gone like yesterday.

Then, even in age and grief, Thy ~~name~~
Shall still my languid heart inflame,

And bow my faltering knee :
 O yet this bosom feels the fire,
 This trembling hand and drooping lyre
 Have yet a strain for Thee.

Yes ! broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,
 This voice transported shall record
 Thy goodness tried so long ;
 Till sinking slow, with calm decay,
 Its feeble murmurs melt away
 Into a seraph's song.

In Thee, O Lord, have I put my trust. . . . Be Thou
 my strong hold, whereto I may always resort ; Thou hast
 promised to help me ;

R. C. Trench.

I.

ONE time I was allowed to steer
 Through realms of azure light ;—
 Henceforth, I said, I need not fear
 A lower meaner flight ;
 But here shall evermore abide,
 In light and splendour glorified.

II.

My heart one time the rivers fed,
 Large dews upon it lay ;
 A freshness it has won, I said,
 Which shall not pass away,

But what it is, it shall remain,
Its freshness to the end retain.

III.

But when I lay upon the shore,
Like some poor wounded thing,
I deemed I should not ever more
Refit my shattered wing—
Nailed to the ground and fastened there :
This was the thought of my despair.

IV.

And when my very heart seemed dried,
And parched as summer dust,
Such still I deemed it must abide ;
No hope had I, no trust
That any power again could bless
With fountains that waste wilderness.

V.

But if both hope and fear were vain,
And came alike to nought,
• Two lessons we from this may gain,
If aught *can* teach us aught—
One lesson rather—to divide
Between our fearfulness and pride.

For Thou, O Lord God, art the thing that I long for :
Thou art my hope, even from my youth.

HYMN.

(PART.)

From the German of Tersteegen.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows !
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose ;
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in Thee.

Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove ;
And fain I would, but though my will
Seem fix'd, yet wide my passions rove,
Yet hindrances strew all the way,
I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek its peace in Thee,
Yet while I seek but find Thee not,
No peace my wand'ring soul shall see :
O when shall all my wand'rings end,
And all my steps to Jesus tend !

What is there more that hinders me
From ent'ring to Thy promis'd rest,
Abiding there substantially,
And being permanently blest?
O Love, my inmost soul expose,
And every hindrance now disclose.

Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence and reign alone
The Lord of every motion there.
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

Tell me, O God, if aught there be
Of self that wills not Thy controul;
Reveal whate'er impurity
May still be lurking in my soul:
To reach Thy rest, and share Thy throne,
Mine eyes must look to Thee alone.

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul and say,—
“I am thy Love, thy God, thy All.”
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

Through Thee have I been holden up ever since I was
born . . . My praise shall alway be of Thee.

EPITAPH ON HIMSELF.

Gambold.

ASK not, who ended here his span ?
His name, reproach, and praise was—MAN.
Did no great deeds adorn his course ?
No deed of his, but showed him worse :
One thing was great, which God supplied,
He suffered human life—and died.
What points of knowledge did he gain ?
That life was sacred all—and vain.
Sacred, how high, and vain, how low ?
He knew not here—but died to know.

¶ let my mouth be filled with Thy praise : that I may sing
of Thy glory and honour all the day long.

R. C. Trench.

I.

SOME murmur, when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue :

And some with thankful love are filled
 If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
 The darkness of their night.

II.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
 In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
 And all good things denied :
And hearts in poorest huts admire
 How Love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
 Such rich provision made.

*Cast me not away in the time of age : forsake me not when
 my strength faileth me.*

THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS DEATH.

Sir W. Raleigh.

E VEN such is time ; that takes on trust
 Our youth, our joyes, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust ;
Who in the dark and silent grave
(When we have wandered all our ways)
Shuts up the story of our days.—
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

For mine enemies speak against me, and they that lay wait for my soul take their counsel together, saying: God hath forsaken him, persecute him, and take him; for there is none to deliver him. Es not far from me, O God: my God, haste thee to help me.

Francis Davison.

HEAR, O Lord and God ! my cries ;
Mark my foes' unjust abusing ;
And illuminate my eyes,
Heavenly beams in them infusing ;

Lest my woes, too great to bear,
And too infinite in number,
Rock me soon 'twixt hope and fear,
Into death's eternal slumber ;

Lest my foes their boasting make,
"Spite of right on him we trample ;"
And a pride in mischief take,
Heartened by my sad example.

As for me, I'll ride secure
At Thy mercy's sacred anchor,
And undaunted will endure
Fiercest storms of wrong and rancour.

These black clouds will overblow,
Sunshine shall have his returning,
And my grief-wrung heart, I know,
Into mirth shall change his mourning.



Therefore I'll rejoice and sing
Hymns to God, in sacred measure,
Who to happy pass will bring
My just hopes, at His good pleasure.

As for me, I will patiently abide alway ; and will praise
Thee more and more.

RECOVERING BODILY HEALTH.

PSALM CXVI.

Sandys.

MY soule intirely shall affect
The Lord, whose eares my groans respect :
In misery
He heard thy cry ;
To Him thy prayers direct.

Sorrowes of Death my soule assailed,
The greedy jaws of hell prevailed :
Depressed with griefe
When all reliefe
And human pity failed,

I cried—My God, O look on me ;
Thou ever just, the afflicted free :
O from the grave
Thy servant save ;
For mercy lives in Thee.

The innocent and long distressed,
The humble mind by wrongs opprest,
Thy favour still
Preserves from ill ;
My soule then take thy rest.

God stayed my feet, and dried my teares,
Redeemed from death and deadly feares,
That still I might
Walk in His sight,
And number many yeares.

Thus, with a firm belief, I prayed,
Yet in extremes of trouble said,—
All on the earth
Of mortal birth,
Even all, of lies are made.

What shall I unto God restore
For all His mercies? Fall before
His holy throne,
And Him alone
With sacred rites adore.

I will performe my vowes this day,
Where they frequent who God obey ;
Right precious is
The death of His ;
He sees, and will repay.

Lord, I am Thine, Thy handmaid's seed,
By Thee from raging tyrants freed,
 My prayers shall rise
 In sacrifice ;
My Thanks Thy altar feed.

I will performe my vowes this day,
Where they frequent who God obey ;
 Even in His court
 Within thy fort,
Renownèd Solyma.

My mouth shall daily speak of Thy righteousness and salvation: for I know no end thereof.

PRAISE.

(PART.)

Henry Vaughan.

KING of comforts! King of life!
Thou hast cheered me;
And when fears and doubts were rife,
Thou hast cleared me.

Not a nook in all my breast
 But Thou fill'st it,
Not a thought, that breaks my rest,
 But Thou kill'st it;

Wherefore with my utmost strength
I will praise Thee,
And as Thou giv'st line and length
I will raise Thee ;

Day and night, not once a day,
I will blesse Thee,
And, my soul in new array,
I will dresse Thee ;

Not one minute in the year
But I'll mind Thee,
As my seal and bracelet here
I will bind Thee ;

In Thy word, as if in Heaven,
I will rest me ;
And Thy promise, till made even
There shall feast me.

Then Thy sayings all my lite,
There shall please me,
And Thy bloody wounds and strife,
They will ease me ;

With Thy grones my daily breath
I will measure ;
And my life hid in Thy death,
I will treasure.



I will go forth in the strength of the Lord God: and will make mention of Thy righteousness only.

THE AGREEMENT.

(PART.)

Henry Vaughan.

—UNTIL Thou didst comfort me
I had not one poor word to say :
Thick busie clouds did multiply,
And said I was no childe of day ;
They said, my own hands did remove
That candle given me from above.

O God ! I know and do confess
My sins are great and still prevail,
(Most heinous sins and numberless ;)
But Thy compassions cannot fail.
If Thy sure mercies can be broken,
Then all is true my foes have spoken.

But while time runs, and after it
Eternity which never ends,
Quite through them both, still infinite,
Thy covenant by Christ extends,
No sins of frailty, nor of youth,
Can foil His merits, and Thy truth.

And this I hourly finde, for Thou
Dost still renew, and purge and heal :
Thy care and love, which jointly flow,
New cordials, new cathartics deal.

But were I once cast off by Thee,
I know, my God, this would not be.

Wherefore with tears, tears by Thee sent,
I beg my faith may never faile !
And when in death my speech is spent,
O let that silence then prevaile !
O chase in that cold calm my foes,
And hear my heart's last private throes !

So Thou, who didst the work begin,
For I, till drawn, came not to Thee,
Wilt finish it, and by no sin
Will Thy free mercies hindred be.
For which, O God, I only can
Bless Thee, and blame unthankful Man.

¶ God, who is like unto Thee ?

RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

THE FLOWER.

George Herbert.

HOW fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are Thy returns ! ev'n as the flowers in
spring ;
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring :
 Grief melts away,
 Like snow in May ;
As if there were no such cold thing.



Who would have thought my shrivell'd heart
Could have recover'd greenness? It was gone
Quite underground: as flowers depart
To see their mother-root, when they have blown;
Where they together,
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are Thy wonders, Lord of power!
Killing and quick'ning; bringing down to hell,
And up to Heaven in an hour;
Making a *chiming*—of a *passing*-bell.
We say amiss,
This or that is;
Thy word is all, if we could spell.

O that I once past changing were,
Fast in Thy Paradise, where no flower can wither!
Many a spring I shoot up fair,
Offering at Heaven, growing and groaning thither:
Nor doth my flower
Want a spring shower,
My sins and I joining together.

But, while I grow in a straight line,
Still upwards bent, as if Heaven were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline.
What frost to that? What pole is not the zone
Where all things burn,
When Thou dost turn,
And the least frown of Thine is shown?

And now in age I had again,
 After so many deaths I live and write,
 I once more smell the dew and rain,
 And relish versing. O my only light,
 It cannot be
 That I am he
 On whom Thy tempests fell all night !

These are Thy wonders, Lord of love !
 To make us see we are but flowers that glide ;
 Which when we once can find and prove,
 Thou hast a garden for us where to bide.
 Who would be more,
 Swelling through store,
 Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost :
 As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be :
 world without end. Amen.

"Hickes' Devotions."

WAKE now, my soul, and humbly hear
 What thy mild Lord commands ;
 Each word of His will charm thine ear,
 Each word will guide thy hands.

Hark how His sweet and tender care
Complies with our weak minds ;
Whate'er our state and tempers are,
Still some fit work He finds.

They that are merry, let them sing,
And let the sad hearts pray ;
Let those still ply their cheerful wing,
And these their sober way.

So mounts the early chirping lark
Still upwards to the skies ;
So sits the turtle in the dark,
Sighing out groans and cries.

And yet the lark, and yet the dove,
Both sing through several parts ;
And so should we, howe'er we move,
With light or heavy hearts.

Or rather both should both assay,
And their cross-notes unite ;
Both grief and joy should sing and pray,
Since both such hopes invite.

Hopes that all present sorrow heal,
All present joy transcend ;
Hopes to possess, and taste, and feel
Delights that never end.

All glory to the sacred Three,
 All honour, power, and praise ;
 As at the first, may ever be,
 Beyond the end of days.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost ;
 As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be :
 world without end. Amen.

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

Milton.

BEST pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy,
 Sphere-born, harmonious sisters, Voice and
 Verse,
 Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd power employ,
 Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce ;
 And to our high raised phantasy present
 That undisturbèd song of pure concent
 Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne,
 To Him that sits thereon—
 With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee,
 Where the bright seraphim in burning row
 Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,
 And the cherubic host in thousand quires
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
 With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
 Hymns devout, and holy psalms
 Singing everlastingly ;

That we on earth with undiscording voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise ;
As once we did, till disproportioned sin
Jarred against nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion swayed
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
O may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long
To His celestial concert us unite,
To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light.

¶ Saviour of the world, who by Thy Cross
and precious Blood hast redeemed us, save us;
and help us, we humbly beseech Thee, ¶ Lord.

The Almighty Lord, who is a most strong
tower to all them that put their trust in Him, to
whom all things in heaven, in earth, and under
the earth, do bow and obey, be now and evermore
thy defence; and make thee know and feel, that
there is none other Name under heaven given to
man, in whom, and through whom, thou mayest
receive health and salvation, but only the Name
of our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

Unto God's gracious mercy and protection we
commit thee. The Lord bless thee, and keep thee.
The Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and
be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up His
countenance upon thee, and give thee peace, both
now and evermore. Amen.

¶ Saviour of the world, who by Thy Cross and precious Blood hast redeemed us, save us, and help us, we humbly beseech Thee, ¶ Lord.

HYMN AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

FROM ST. BERNARD.

(PART.)

T. Whytehead.

O THOU Majesty Divine !
Was ever poverty like Thine !
Who, for such surpassing love,
Yielding blood for blood, will prove
True follower in Thy train ?

Sharing now Thy wounds, I pray Thee,
Let me love for love repay Thee,
Thou whose soul for sinners smarted,
Healer of the broken-hearted,
Kind Father of the poor.

What in me is wounded, broken,
What doth sore disease betoken,
Sweetest Saviour, make it whole,
Then restore me, heal my soul
With medicine divine.

I draw near, as Thou wert by me,
Yea I do believe Thee nigh me :

Heal me, Thou my hope hast been ;
Cleanse me, and I shall be clean,
When washed in blood of Thine.

On my heart each stripe be written,
Wherewith Thou for me wert smitten,
Each deep wound,—that I may be
Wholly crucified with Thee,
And loving Thee alway.

Gracious Jesu, Lord most dear,
Guilty though I am, give ear :
Show Thine own sweet clemency ;
Spurn me not, though vile I be,
From Thy blessed feet away.

Here before Thee, fallen, weeping,
And with tears these torn feet steeping,
Jesu, for Thy mercy's sake,
Pity on my misery take,
And one kind look let fall.

From the cross, uplifted high,
My Beloved, cast Thine eye :
Turn me to Thee, heart and soul ;
Speak the word of power, “ Be whole,
I have forgiven thee all.”

Θ Saviour of the world, who by Thy Cross and precious Blood hast redeemed us, save us, and help us, we humbly beseech Thee, Θ Lord.

HEBREWS IV. 15.

Sir Robert Grant.

I.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain ;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

II.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,—
Still He who felt temptation's power
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

III.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well,—
He shall His pitying aid bestow
Who felt on earth severer woe,
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared His daily bread.

IV.

If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And sore dismayed my spirit dies,
Still He who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

V.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me—for a little while ;
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

VI.

And O, when I have safely past
Through every conflict—but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed,—for Thou hast died ;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

The Almighty Lord . . . be now and evermore thy defence:

FOR MY MOTHER.

PSALM XLI. 3.

J. S. Monsell.

O HOW soft that bed must be,
Made in sickness, Lord, by Thee !
And that rest, how calm, how sweet,
Where Jesus and the sufferer meet.

It was the good Physician now
Soothed thy cheek and chafed thy brow ;
Whispering, as He raised thy head,
“It is I, be not afraid.”

God of glory, God of grace,
Hear from Heaven Thy dwelling-place :
Hear in mercy, and forgive,
Bid Thy child believe, and live.

Bless her, and she shall be blest ;
Soothe her, and she shall have rest ;
Fix her heart, her hopes above,
Love her, Lord, for Thou art Love.

There is none other Name under heaben given to man, in whom, and through whom, thou mayest receive health and salvation, but only the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

HOPE IN GOD.

Francis Quarles.

IN Thee, dear Lord, my pensive soul respires,
 Thou art the fulness of my choice desires ;
 Thou art that sacred spring, whose waters burst
 In streams to him that seeks with holy thirst.
 Thrice happy man, thrice happy thirst, to bring
 Thy fainting soul to so, so sweet a spring ;
 Thrice happy he, whose well-resolvèd breast
 Expects no other aid, no other rest ;
 Thrice happy he, whose downy age has been
 Reclaimed by scourges from the prime of sin ;
 And, early seasoned with the taste of truth,
 Remembers his Creator in his youth.

Make thee know and feel, that there is none other Name under heaben given to man, in whom, and through whom thou mayest receive health and salvation, but only the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Habington.

WHENCE have I wandered ? In what way,
 Horrid as night,
 Increast by storm, did I delight ?

Thou my sad soule did often say
'Twas death and madnesse so to stray.

On that false ground I joy'd to tread
Which seemed most faire,
Though every path had a new snare,
And every turning still did lead
To the darke region of the dead.

But with the surfeit of delight
I am so tyred,
That I now loathe what I admired ;
And my distasted appetite
So 'bhors the meate, it hates the sight.

For should we naked sinne descry,
Not beautified
By the ayde of wantonnesse and pride,
Like some misshapen birth 'twould lye,
A torment to th' affrighted eye.

But cloath'd in beauty and respect,
Even o'er the wise
How powerfull doth it tyrannize ;
Whose monstrous form should they detect,
They famine sooner would affect.

And since these shadowes which oppresse
My sight, begin
To clear, and show the shape of sinne,
A scorpion sooner be my guest,
And warme his venome in my breast.

May I, before I grow so vile
By sin agen,
Be throwne off as a scorne to men.
May the angry world decree t' exsile
Me to some yet unpeopled isle,

Where, while I struggle, and in vaine
Labour to finde
Some creature that shall have a minde,
What justice have I to complaine,
If I Thy inward grace retaine ?

My God, if Thou shalt not exclude
Thy comfort hence,
What place can seem to troubled sense
So melancholly, darke, and rude,
To be esteemed a solitude ?

Cast me upon some naked shore,
When I may tracke
Onely the print of some sad wracke ;
If Thou be there, though the seas roare,
I shall no gentler calme implore.

Should the Cymmerians, whom no ray
Doth ere enlight,
But gaine Thy grace, they've lost their night :
Not sinners, at high noone, but they
'Mong their blind cloudes—have found the day.

Make thee know and feel, that there is none other Name
under heaven given to man, in whom, and through whom,
thou mayest receive health and salvation, but only the Name
of our Lord Jesus Christ.

REPARATION.

*

Elizabeth B. Barrett.

WHEN some beloved voice, that was to you
Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly ;
And silence, against which you dare not cry,
Aches round you like a strong disease and new,—
What hope, what help ?—what music will undo
That silence to your sense ? Not friendship's sigh ;
Not reason's subtle count ; not melody
Of viols, nor of pipes which Faunus blew :
Not songs of poets, nor of nightingales
Whose hearts leap upward from the cypress-trees
To the clear moon ; nor yet the spheric laws
Self-chanted—nor the angels' sweet “ all hails ”—
Met in the smile of God : nay, none of these.
Speak, Christ, at His right hand—and fill this pause !

The Almighty Lord, who is a most strong tower to all
them that put their trust in Him . . . be now and evermore
thy defence.

EVENING.

I.

FATHER ! by Thy love and power
Comes again the evening hour :
Light has vanished, labours cease,
Weary creatures rest in peace.
Thou, whose genial dews distil
 On the lowliest weed that grows,
Father ! guard our couch from ill,
 Lull Thy children to repose.
We to Thee ourselves resign,
Let our latest thoughts be Thine.

II.

Saviour ! to Thy Father bear
This our feeble evening prayer ;
Thou hast seen how oft to-day
We, like sheep, have gone astray :
Worldly thoughts, and thoughts of pride,
 Wishes to Thy cross untrue,
Secret faults, and undescried,
 Meet Thy spirit-piercing view,
Blessed Saviour ! yet through Thee
Pray that these may pardoned be.

III.

Holy Spirit ! breath of balm !
Fall on us in evening's calm :
Yet awhile before we sleep,
We, with Thee, will vigils keep ;
Lead us on our sins to muse,
 Give us truest penitence,
Then the love of God infuse,
 Breathing humble confidence ;
Melt our spirits, mould our will,
Soften, strengthen, comfort still !

IV.

Blessed Trinity ! be near
Through the hours of darkness drear :
When the help of man is far,
Ye more clearly present are :
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Watch o'er our defenceless head,
Let your Angels' guardian host
 Keep all evil from our bed,
Till the flood of morning rays
Wake us to a song of praise.

Make thee to know and feel, that there is none other Name under heaven given to man, in whom, and through whom, thou mayest receive health and salvation, but only the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Sir Henry Wotton.

O THOU great Power, in whom I move,
For whom I live, to whom I die,
Behold me through Thy beams of love,
Whilst on this couch of tears I lie ;
And cleanse my sordid soul within,
By Thy Christ's blood, the bath of sin.

No hallow'd oils, no grains I need,
No rags of saints, no purging fire ;
One rosie drop from David's Seed
Was worlds of seas to quench Thine ire.
O precious ransome ! which, once paid,
That "consummatum est" was said ;

And said by Him, who said no more,
But sealed it with His dying breath :
Thou then that hast dispunged my score,
And dying wast the death of Death,
Be to me now, on Thee I call,
My life, my strength, my joy, my all.

The Lord make His face to shine upon thee.

CONSOLATION.

Elizabeth B. Barrett.

ALL are not taken! there are left behind
Living Belovèds, tender looks to bring,
And make the day-light still a blessed thing,
And tender voices, to make soft the wind.
But if it were not so—if I could find
No love in all the world to answer me,
Nor any pathway but rang hollowly,
Where “dust to dust,” the love from life disjoined—
And if with parchèd lips,—as in a dearth
Of water-springs the very deserts claim,—
I uttered to those sepulchres unmoving
The bitter cry, “Where are ye, O my loving?”
I know a voice would sound, “Daughter, I AM,
Can I suffice for Heaven, and not for *earth*?”

The Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee.

Aubrey De Vere.

SHAD is our youth, for it is ever going,
Crumbling away beneath our very feet:
Sad is our life, for it is ever flowing
In current unperceived, because so fleet:

Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet in sowing,
 But tares self-sown have overtopped the wheat :
 Sad are our joys, for they were sweet in blowing—
 And still, O still their dying breath is sweet—
 And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us
 Of that which made our childhood sweeter still :
 And sweet is middle life, for it hath left us
 A newer Good to cure an older Ill :
 And sweet are all things, when we learn to prize
 them
 Not for their sake but His, who grants them, or
 denies them !

The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee
 peace, both now and evermore. Amen.

EVENING HYMN.

Sir Thomas Browne.

THE night is come ; like to the day
 Depart not Thou, great God, away :
 Let not my sins, black as the night,
 Eclipse the lustre of Thy light.
 Keep still in my horizon ; for to me
 The Sun makes not the day, but Thee.
 Thou whose nature cannot sleep,
 On my temples sentry keep ;
 Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes,
 Whose eyes are open while mine close.

Let no dreams my head infest,
But such as Jacob's temples blest.
While I do rest, my soul advance,
Make my sleep a holy trance ;
That I may, my rest being wrought,
Awake into some holy thought ;
And with active vigour run
My course, as doth the nimble Sun.
Sleep is a death ; O make me try,
By sleeping what it is to die ;
And as gently lay my head
On my grave, as now my bed.
Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again, at least with Thee.
And thus assured, behold, I lie
Securely, or to wake or die.
These are my drowsie days ! in vain
I do now wake to sleep again :
O come that hour, when I shall never
Sleep again, but wake for ever.

The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee
peace, both now and evermore. Amen.

MIDNIGHT HYMN.

M.S. found in a Chest, in a Poor Woman's Cottage.

IN the mid silence of the voiceless night,
When, chased by airy dreams, the slumbers
flee,
Whom in the darkness doth my spirit seek,
O God, but Thee?

And if there be a weight upon my breast,
Some vague impression of the day foregone,
Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to Thee,
And lay it down.

Or if it be the heaviness that comes
In token of anticipated ill—
My bosom takes no heed of what it is,
Since 'tis Thy will.

For O, in spite of past and present care,
Or any thing beside—how joyfully
Passes that silent solitary hour,
My God, with Thee!

More tranquil than the stillness of the night,
More peaceful than the silence of that hour,
More blest than any thing, my bosom lies
Beneath Thy power.

For what is there on earth that I desire,
Of all that it can give or take from me?
Or whom in Heaven doth my spirit seek,
O God, but Thee?

And give thee peace, both now and evermore. Amen.

"Hickes' Devotions."

FAIN would my thoughts fly up to Thee,
Thy peace, sweet Lord, to find,
But when I offer, still the world
Lays clogs upon my mind.

Sometimes I climb a little way,
And thence look down below;
How nothing there, do all things seem,
That here make such a show!

Then round about I turn my eyes,
To feast my hungry sight;
I meet with heaven in every thing,
In every thing delight.

I see Thy wisdom ruling all,
And it with joy admire ;
I see myself among such hopes,
As set my heart on fire.

When I have thus triumph'd a while,
And think to build my nest ;
Some cross conceit comes fluttering by,
And interrupts my rest.

Then to the earth again I fall,
And from my low dust cry ;
'Twas not in my wing, Lord, but Thine,
That I got up so high.

And now, my God, whether I rise
Or still lie down in dust,
Both I submit to Thy blest will,
In both on Thee I trust.

Guide Thou my way, who art Thyself
My everlasting end ;
That every step, or swift or slow,
Still to Thyself may tend.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One consubstantial Three ;
All highest praise, all humblest thanks,
Now and for ever be.

Amen.



The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace, both now and evermore. Amen.

THE PRAYER IN THE WILDERNESS.

F. Hemans.

In the deep wilderness unseen she prayed,
The daughter of Jerusalem ; alone,
With all the still small whispers of the night,
And with the searching glances of the stars,
And with her God alone :—she lifted up
Her sweet sad voice, and, trembling o'er her head,
The dark leaves thrilled with prayer—the tearful
prayer

Of woman's quenchless, yet repentant love.

“ Father of spirits, here !—
Look on my inmost heart to Thee revealed,
Look on the fountain of the burning tear,
Before Thy sight in solitude unsealed.

“ Hear, Father ! hear and aid !
If I have loved too well, if I have shed
In my vain fondness, o'er a mortal head,
Gifts, on Thy shrine, my God ! more fitting laid :

“ If I have sought to live
But in *one* light, and made a human eye
The lonely star of my idolatry,
Thou that art Love ! O pity, and forgive.

“Chastened and schooled at last,
No more, no more, my struggling spirit burns,
But fixed on Thee, from that vain worship turns—
What have I said?—The deep dream is not past—

“Yet hear! if still I love,
O still too fondly—if, for ever seen,
An earthly image comes, my heart between,
And Thy calm glory, Father, throned above:

“If still a voice is near,
E'en while I strive these wanderings to control,
An earthly voice, disquieting my soul
With its deep music, too intensely dear;

“O Father, draw to Thee
My lost affections back—the dreaming eyes
Clear from their mist;—sustain the heart that dies,
Give the worn soul once more its pinions free.

“I must love on, O God!
This bosom must love on—but let Thy breath
Touch and make pure the flame that knows not
death,
Raising it up to Heaven—love's own abode.”

Ages and ages past—the wilderness
With its dark cedars, and the thrilling night
With her clear stars—and the mysterious winds
That waft all sound—were conscious of those prayers,

How many such hath woman's bursting heart
Since then, in silence and in darkness breathed,
Like a dim night-flower's odour, up to God.

*The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee
peace, both now and evermore. Amen.*

THE PILGRIMAGE.

Henry Vaughan.

AS travellers when the twilight's come,
And in the sky the stars appear,
The past daie's accidents do summe
With, "Thus we saw there, and thus here."

Then Jacob-like, lodge in a place,
A place, and no more, is set down,
Where till the day restore the race
They rest and dream homes of their own.

So, for this night I linger here,
And full of tossings to and fro,
Expect still when Thou wilt appear,
That I may get me up, and go.

I long and groan and grieve for Thee,
For Thee my words, my tears do gush ;
"O that I were but where I see!"
Is all the note within my bush.

As birds robb'd of their native wood,
Although their diet may be fine,
Yet neither sing, nor like their food,
But with the thought of home do pine ;

So do I mourn, and hang my head ;
And though Thou dost me fulness give,
Yet look I for far better bread,
Because by this man cannot live.

O feed me then ! and since I may
Have yet more days, more nights to count,
So strengthen me, Lord, all the way,
That I may travel to Thy mount.

PRAYER FOR A SICK CHILD.

¶ Almighty God, and merciful Father, to whom alone belong the issues of life and death; Look down from heaven, we humbly beseech Thee, with the eyes of mercy upon this child now lying upon the bed of sickness: Visit him, O Lord, with Thy salvation; deliver him in Thy good appointed time from his bodily pain, and save his soul for Thy mercies' sake: That, if it shall be Thy pleasure to prolong his days here on earth, he may live to Thee, and be an instrument of Thy glory, by serving Thee faithfully, and doing good in his generation; or else receive him into those heavenly habitations, where the souls of them that sleep in the Lord Jesus enjoy perpetual rest and felicity. Grant this, O Lord, for Thy mercies' sake, in the same Thy Son our Lord Jesus Christ, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. Amen.

④ Almighty God, and merciful Father, to whom alone
belong the issues of life and death; Look down from heaven,
we humbly beseech Thee, with the eyes of mercy upon this
child now lying upon the bed of sickness:

BY THE BEDSIDE OF A SICK CHILD.

J. S. Monsell.

NOW all is done, that love, and care,
And skilful kindness, could suggest;
And He who heard our anxious prayer
Will answer as His love deems best:
O that both hopes and fears were still,
Waiting on His mysterious will!

And yet both hopes and fears will crowd
Around that bright and precious child;
And both will speak their thoughts aloud,
Till this distracted heart is wild:
O might they all give place to one
Heart-filling prayer, "God's will be done!"

Sometimes a dream of what may be,
Comes like soft sunshine o'er this heart;
I hear his prattle at my knee,
Feel his warm cheek near mine, and start
To find it—ah! so cold and pale
That Hope (and well-nigh Faith) doth fail.

And then again the dream returns—
Childhood and youth are safely o'er,
His eye with manhood's ardour burns,
Fears hover round his path no more :
Hopes, with their buds and blossoms, all
Burst where his bounding footsteps fall.

He seems to speak—with anxious ear
My very heart waits breathless by ;
His lips are parted—and I hear—
—My precious babe, thy restless cry !—
E'en Hope, affrighted, flees away,
As if it had no heart to stay.

Come, then, my God, and take the place
Of these distracting hopes and fears ;
'Stablish this trembling heart with grace,
Dry with Thine hand these falling tears ;
And teach me to confide to Thee
The treasure Thou couldst trust with me.

Happy if, rescued from the straight
Of being called on to decide,
Here with submissive soul I wait,
By Thy decision to abide—
—Life, with its blessings—and its pain,
Or Death, with its—“To die is gain.”

Look down from heaven, we humbly beseech Thee, with the eyes of mercy upon this child now lying upon the bed of sickness:

THE SICK ROOM.

WATCHING, through the silent hours,
By the unrefreshèd bed,
Where disease arrays his powers,
Whence repose is banished,
Where time halteth, sad and slow,
Thou art with me, Lord, I know.

When the vital forces seem
Dwindled to as faint a spark
As the taper's sickly gleam,
Making darkness doubly dark—
Lord! I bless Thee that Thou art
Near, to stay the sinking heart.

When the flame, reviving, burns
Gently, and at sleep's soft touch
Anguish yields, and hope returns,
Dove-like, to the smoothèd couch—
With an anxious deep-drawn sigh,
Lord, I praise Thee, ever nigh.

In the dim religious gloom,
Where 'expressive silence' broods
O'er the closely curtained room,
Nor a stirring breath intrudes—

As in silent prayer I kneel,
Thou art present, Lord, I feel.

When reluctant hope is fled,
When the pulses beat no more,
And the last farewell is said,
And the war of life is o'er—
Lord, both the spirit and the dust
Of our beloved, to Thee we trust.

Or else receive him into those heavenly habitations, where
the souls of them that sleep in the Lord Jesus enjoy perpetual
rest and felicity.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

J. S. Monsell.

WHY dost thou weep? say can it be
Because for ever blest—and free
From sin, from sorrow, and from pain,
Thy babe shall never weep again;
Shall never feel, shall never know
E'en half thy little load of woe?

What was thy prayer, when his first smile
Did thy young mother-heart beguile?
When his first cry was in thine ear,
And on thy cheek his first warm tear,
And to thy heart at first were prest
The throbings of his little breast?

What was thy prayer? canst thou not now
See in his bright cherubic brow,
Hear in his soft seraphic strain,
So full of joy, so free from pain,
An answer (as if God did speak),
To all thy love had dared to seek?

Why therefore weep, when all the cares,
The doubts, the troubles, and the snares,
The threatening clouds, the falling tears,
Childhood's wild hopes, and manhood's fears,
That might have been for him, for thee,
Have past away, and ne'er shall be?

No thorns of earth had pierced his feet,
No bitter tempests round him beat,
No rains upon his head descended,
But one soft gush of tears, that blended
With the bright sacramental shower,
And drove him to the heavenly bower.

He scarcely suffered, then was crowned,
Was scarcely lost, till he was found,
And scarcely heaved one mortal sigh,
Then entered immortality—
A child of thine, a child of bliss!
Why therefore weep for joy like this?

Nay, rather strive to praise the love
That could so tenderly reprove,

That, when it wounded, left no sting
Of self-consuming suffering ;
But with thy profit, linked the joy
Of thy beloved and sainted Boy.

**The souls of them that sleep in the Lord Jesus enjoy
perpetual rest and felicity.**

Sir Aubrey de Vere.

OFT have I thought, they err who having lost
That love-gift of our youth, an infant child,
Yield the faint heart to those emotions wild
With which, too oft, strong memory is crost ;
Shrinking with sudden gasp, as if a ghost
Frowned in their path. Not thus the precepts mild
Of Jesus teach ; which never yet beguiled
Men with vain promises. God loves us most
When chastening us : and He who conquered Death
Permits not that we still deem death a curse.
The font is man's true tomb ; the grave his nurse
For Heaven, and feeder with immortal breath.
O grieve not for the dead ! none pass from earth
Too soon : God then fulfils His purpose in our birth !

Or else receive him into those heavenly habitations, where
the souls of them that sleep in the Lord Jesus enjoy perpetual
rest and felicity.

Elegiac Poems.

WHERE is this infant? it is gone—
To whom? to Christ, its Saviour true.
What does He for it? He goes on
As He has ever done, to do—
He blesses, He embraces without end,
And to all children proves the tenderest friend.

He loves to have the little ones
Upon His lap quite close and near;
And thus their glass so swiftly runs,
And they so little while are here:
He gave—He takes them when He thinks it best
For them to come to Him and take their rest.

However 'tis a great delight
Awhile to see such little princes,
All drest in linen fine and white,
A beauty which escapes the senses:
The pure Lamb dwells in them—His majesty
Makes their sweet eyes to sparkle gloriously.

Be therefore thanked, Thou dearest Lamb,
That we this precious child have seen,
And that Thy blood and Jesu's name
To it a glittering robe have been:

We thank Thee too that Thou hast brought it home,
That it so soon all dangers hath o'ercome.

Dear child, so live thou happily
In Christ, who was thy faith's beginner ;
Rejoice in Him eternally,
With each redeemed and happy sinner ;
We bury thee in hope—the Lamb once slain
Will raise, and we shall see thee yet again.

*The souls of them that sleep in the Lord Jesus enjoy
perpetual rest and felicity.*

EPITAPH IN THE CHURCHYARD OF HERNE.

J. Moultrie.

SWEET babe, from griefs and dangers
Rest here for ever free ;
We leave thy dust with strangers,
But O, we leave not *thee*.

Thy mortal sweetness, smitten
To scourge our souls from sin,
Is on our memory written,
And treasured deep therein ;

While that which is immortal
Fond hope doth still retain,
And saith, “at heaven's bright portal
Ye all shall meet again.”

Those heavenly habitations, where the souls of them that sleep in the Lord Jesus enjoy perpetual rest and felicity.

S. Wilberforce.

I NEVER watched upon a wilder night—
 I The maddened hurricane swept fiercely by,
 And shook his sounding wings—Impatiently,
 As wrathful men in anguish, for his flight
 The tossing trees bowed down their heads of might.
 To the rude war of earth, and sea, and sky,
 I scarce could close at last my weary eye :—
 Again I look, before the morning light,
 And all is changed—in softest lullabies
 The breeze just whispers ; o'er the countless ranks
 Of Heaven's great host the mildest moonlight lies,
 Like some broad stream fast sleeping in its banks.
 The deep calm spake of rest in Paradise ;
 I thought upon my dead—and gave God thanks.

The souls of them that sleep in the Lord Jesus enjoy perpetual rest and felicity.

THE SLEEP.

PSALM CXXVII. 2.

Elizabeth B. Barrett.

O F all the thoughts of God that are
 Borne inward unto souls afar,

Along the Psalmist's music deep—
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
“He giveth His belovèd, sleep?”

What would we give to *our* beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved—
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep—
The senate's shout for patriot vows—
The monarch's crown to light the brows?
“He giveth His belovèd, sleep.”

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith, not all unproved—
A little dust, to overweep—
And bitter memories, to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake?
“He giveth His belovèd, sleep.”

Sleep soft, beloved! we sometimes say,
But have no power to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep:
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber, when
“He giveth His belovèd, sleep.”

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delved gold, the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God makes a silence through you all,
And “giveth His belovèd, sleep.”

His dews drop mutely on the hill ;
His cloud above it, saileth still,
Though on its slope men toil and reap !
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
“ He giveth His belovèd, sleep.”

Yea ! men may wonder, while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man
Sufficient such a rest to keep ;
But angels say—and through the word
The motion of their smile is heard—
“ He giveth His belovèd, sleep.”

For me, my heart,—that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
Seeing through tears the juggler leap—
Would fain its wearied vision close,
And childlike on His love repose,
Who “ giveth His belovèd, sleep.”

And friends !—dear friends,—when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,—
When round my bier ye come to weep ;
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, “ Not a tear must o'er her fall—
“ He giveth His belovèd, sleep.”

Our Lord Jesus Christ, who liveth and reigneth with
Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God.

AN EASTER HYMN.

T. Blackburne.

A WAKE, thou wintry earth,
Fling off thy sadness ;
Fair vernal flower, laugh forth
Your ancient gladness :
Christ is risen.

Wave, woods, your blossoms all,
Grim death is dead ;
Ye weeping funeral trees,
Lift up your head :
Christ is risen.

Come, see, the graves are green ;
It is light ; let's go
Where our loved ones rest
In hope below :
Christ is risen.

All is fresh and new,
Full of spring and light ;
Wintry heart, why wearest the hue
Of sleep and night ?
Christ is risen.

Leave thy cares beneath,
Leave thy worldly love ;
Begin the better life
With God above :
Christ is risen.

A PRAYER FOR A SICK PERSON, WHEN THERE
APPEARETH SMALL HOPE OF RECOVERY.

¶ Father of mercies, and God of all comfort, our only help in time of need ; We fly unto Thee for succour in behalf of this Thy servant, here lying under Thy hand in great weakness of body. Look graciously upon him, ¶ Lord ; and the more the outward man decayeth, strengthen him, we beseech Thee, so much the more continually with Thy grace and holy Spirit in the inner man. Give him unsigned repentance for all the errors of his life past, and stedfast faith in Thy Son Jesus ; that his sins may be done away by Thy mercy, and his pardon sealed in heaven, before he go hence, and be no more seen. We know, ¶ Lord, that there is no word impossible with Thee ; and that, if Thou wilt, Thou canst even yet raise him up, and grant him a long continuance amongst us : Yet, forasmuch as in all appearance the time of his dissolution draweth near, so fit and prepare him, we beseech Thee, against the hour of death, that after his departure hence in peace, and in Thy favour, his soul may be received into Thine everlasting kingdom, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, Thine only Son, our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

¶ Father of mercies, and God of all comfort, our only
help in time of need ;

J. S. Monsell.

WHEN friend from friend is parting,
And in each speaking eye
The silent tears are starting,
To tell what words deny ;
How could we bear the heavy load
Of such heart-agony,
Could we not cast it all, our God,
Our gracious God, on Thee ?
And feel that Thou kind watch wilt keep
When we are far away ;
That Thou wilt soothe us when we weep,
And hear us when we pray.

Yet oft these hearts will whisper,
That better 'twould betide,
If we were near the friends we love,
And watching by their side :
But sure Thou'l love them dearer, Lord,
For trusting Thee alone ;
And sure Thou wilt draw nearer, Lord,
The further we are gone.
Then why be sad ? since Thou wilt keep
Watch o'er them day by day :
Since Thou wilt soothe *them* when they weep,
And hear *us* when we pray.

O for that bright and happy land,
 Where, far amidst the blest,
 "The wicked cease from troubling, and
 The weary are at rest ;"
 Where friends are never parted,
 Once met around Thy throne ;
 And none are broken-hearted,
 Since all, with Thee, are one !
 Yet O, till then, watch o'er us keep,
 While far from Thee away ;
 And soothe us, Lord, oft as we weep,
 And hear us when we pray.

The more the outward man decayeth, strengthen him, we
 beseech Thee, so much the more continually with Thy grace
 and holy Spirit in the inner man.

From Sintram.

WHEN death is coming near,
 When thy heart shrinks in fear,
 And thy limbs fail ;
 Then raise thy hands and pray
 To Him who smooths thy way
 Through the dark vale.
 Seest thou the eastern dawn ?
 Hear'st thou in the red morn
 The angels' song ?
 O lift thy drooping head,
 Thou who in gloom and dread
 Hast lain so long.

Death comes to set thee free,
O meet him cheerily
As thy true friend,
And all thy fears shall cease,
And in eternal peace,
Thy penance end.

The more the outward man decayeth, strengthen him, we
beseech Thee, so much the more continually with Thy grace
and holy Spirit in the inner man.

H. F. Lyte.

A BIDE with me ! Fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness thickens ; Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me !

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away :
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me !

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwelt'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me.

Come, not in terrors, as the King of kings ;
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings,

Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea,
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus bide with me.

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee,
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me !

I need Thy presence every passing hour :
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud, and sunshine, O, abide with me !

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless,
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness :
Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes ;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies !
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows¹
flee !

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

¹ *Cant. ii. 17.*

The more the outward man decayeth, strengthen him, we beseech Thee, so much the more continually with Thy grace and holy Spirit in the inner man.

Bishop Jebb.

O THOU, whose all-enlivening ray
Can turn my darkness into day,
Disperse, great God, my mental gloom,
And with Thyself my soul illume.
Tho' gathering sorrows swell my breast,
Speak but the word—and peace and rest
Shall set my troubled spirit free,
In sweet communion, Lord, with Thee.
What tho' in this heart-searching hour,
Thou dim'st my intellectual power ;
The gracious discipline I own,
And wisdom seek at Thy blest throne ;
A wisdom not of earthly mould,
Not such as learned volumes hold,
Not selfish, arrogant, and vain,
That chills the heart and fires the brain :
But, Father of eternal light,
In fixt and changeless glory bright,
I seek the wisdom from above,
Pure, peaceful, gentle, fervent love.
Let love divine my bosom sway,
And then my darkness will be day ;
No doubts, no fears, shall heave my breast,
For God Himself will be my rest.

The more the outward man decayeth, strengthen him, we beseech Thee, so much the more continually with Thy grace and holy Spirit in the inner man.

PAIN.

From "The Dove on the Cross."

JESUS, Saviour, sympathize
With Thy servant's agonies ;
In Thy life-time Thou hast known
Racking pains that made Thee moan—
Pain of body, grief of mind,
Shame, and suffering, combined.

With Thy sanctifying hand
Touch me gently, and command
Some soft drops of dewy balm,
To be shed with potent charm ;
Comfort was to Thee imparted,
Comfort Thou the broken-hearted.

Pain ! what power within thee lies,
Mystery of mysteries ;
That the Holy and the Just,
Even Christ our Saviour must,
Ere He gain full power to bless,
Taste thee in thy bitterness ?

Not alone the token thou,
Of an angry Father's brow :

Rather of His willingness,
To renew, receive, and bless ;
Welcome then be thou to me,
In thy sharpest agony.

Only in that solemn hour,
Let me feel, O God of power,
That Thy gentle hand alone,
Gives the pain that makes me moan ;
High experience let me gain,
Fortitude in suffering pain.

Give him . . . stedfast faith in Thy Son Jesus ; that his sins may be done away by Thy mercy, and his pardon sealed in heaven, before he go hence,

WRITTEN AT THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

G. Sandys.

SAVIOUR of Mankind, Man, Emmanuel !
Who sinless died for sin ; who vanquish'd hell :
The first fruits of the grave : whose life did give
Light to our darkness ; in whose death we live :—
O strengthen Thou my faith, convert my will,
That mine may Thine obey ; protect me still,
So that the latter death may not devour
My soul, seal'd with Thy seal.—So, in that hour,

When Thou (whose body sanctified this tomb)
 Unjustly judged,—a glorious Judge shall come
 To judge the world with justice, by that sign
 I may be known, and entertained for Thine.

If Thou wilt, Thou canst yet raise him up, and grant
 him a longer continuance amongst us :

THE BORDER-LANDS.

From "The Dove on the Cross."

FATHER, into Thy loving hands,
 My feeble spirit I commit,
 While wandering in these Border-Lands
 Until Thy voice shall summon it.

Father, I would not dare to choose
 A longer life, an earlier death ;
 I know not what my soul might lose
 By shortened or protracted breath.

These Border-Lands are calm and still,
 And solemn are their silent shades ;
 And my heart welcomes them, until
 The light of life's long evening fades.

I heard them spoken of with dread,
 As fearful and unquiet places ;
 Shades, where the living and the dead
 Look sadly in each other's faces.

But since Thy hand hath led me here,
And I have seen the Border-Land ;
Seen the dark river flowing near,
Stood on its brink, as now I stand,

There has been nothing to alarm
My trembling soul ; how could I fear
While thus encircled with Thine arm ?
I never felt Thee half so near.

What should appal me in a place,
That brings me hourly nearer Thee ?
When I may almost see Thy face—
Surely 'tis here my soul would be.

They say the waves are dark and deep,
That faith has perished in the river ;
They speak of death with fear, and weep.
Shall my soul perish ? Never, never.

I know that Thou wilt never leave
The soul that trembles while it clings
To Thee : I know Thou wilt achieve
Its passage on Thine outspread wings.

And since I first was brought so near
The stream that flows to the Dead Sea,
I think that it has grown more clear
And shallow than it used to be.

I cannot see the golden gate
 Unfolding yet to welcome me ;
 I cannot yet anticipate
 The joy of heaven's jubilee.

But I will calmly watch and pray,
 Until I hear my Saviour's voice,
 Calling my happy soul away
 To see His glory, and rejoice.

Forasmuch as in all appearance the time of his dissolution
 draweth near, so fit and prepare him, we beseech Thee, against
 the hour of death,

THE SECOND DAY OF CREATION.

T. Whytehead.

THIS world I deem
 But a beautiful dream
 Of shadows that are not what they seem ;
 Where visions rise,
 Giving dim surmise
 Of the things that shall meet our waking eyes.

Arm of the Lord !
 Creating Word !
 Whose glory the silent skies record,
 Where stands Thy name
 In scrolls of flame,
 On the firmament's high-shadowing frame !

I gaze o'erhead,
Where Thy hand hath spread
For the waters of Heaven that crystal bed,
And stored the dew
In its deeps of blue,
Which the fires of the sun come tempered through.

Soft they shine
Through that pure shrine,
As beneath the veil of Thy flesh divine
Beams forth the light,
That were else too bright
For the feebleness of a sinner's sight.

And such I deem
This world will seem
When we waken from life's mysterious dream,
And burst the shell
Where our spirits dwell
In their wondrous ante-natal cell.

I gaze aloof
On the tissued roof,
Where time and space are the warp and woof,
Which the King of kings
As a curtain flings
O'er the dreadfulness of eternal things—

A tapestried tent,
To shade us meant
From the bare everlasting firmament ;

Where the blaze of the skies
Comes soft to our eyes
Through a veil of mystical imageries.

But could I see,
As in truth they be,
The glories of Heaven that encompass me,
I should lightly hold
The tissued fold
Of that marvellous curtain of blue and gold.

Soon the whole,
Like a parchèd scroll,
Shall before my amazed sight uproll,
And without a screen,
At one burst be seen,
The Presence wherein I have ever been.

O ! who shall bear
The blinding glare
Of the Majesty that shall meet us there ?
What eye may gaze
On the unveil'd blaze
Of the light-girdled throne of the Ancient of days ?
Christ us aid !
Himself be our shade,
That in that dread day we be not dismay'd.

Forasmuch as to all appearance the time of his dissolution
draweth near,

CONSUMPTION.

From "The Dove on the Cross."

JESUS ! my breath is failing—lead me on
Softly and gently, as my strength can bear ;
Draw me to Thee in closer union,
And for eternal life Thy child prepare.
Let Thy love shine upon my soul, and chase
This mistiness and darkness quite away,
Till Faith discerns her holy resting-place
Distinctly, in the perfect light of day.
Robe me in snowy raiment ; store my heart
With precious jewels from Thy treasury.
This world is not my rest, let me depart
And let my ransomed soul return to Thee.
Well may I trust Thee, who Thyself hast given
To gain for me the peace and bliss of heaven.

Fit and prepare him, we beseech Thee, against the hour of
death,

THE DAY OF DEATH.

R. C. Trench.

THOU inevitable day,
When a voice to me shall say—
“Thou must rise and come away ;

“All thine other journeys past,
Gird thee, and make ready fast
For thy longest and thy last”—

Day deep-hidden from our sight
In impenetrable night,
Who may guess of thee aright?

Art thou distant, art thou near?
Wilt thou seem more dark or clear?
Day with more of hope or fear?

Wilt thou come, not seen before
Thou art standing at the door,
Saying—Light and life are o'er?

Or with such a gradual pace,
As shall leave me largest space
To regard thee face to face?

Shall I lay my drooping head
On some loved lap; round my bed
Prayer be made, and tears be shed?

Or at distance from mine own,
Name and kin alike unknown,
Make my solitary moan?

Will there yet be things to leave,
Hearts to which this heart must cleave,
From which, parting, it must grieve;

Or shall life's best ties be o'er,
And all loved things gone before
To that other happier shore?

Shall I gently fall on sleep,
Death, like slumber, o'er me creep,
Like a slumber sweet and deep?

Or the soul long strive in vain
To get free, with toil and pain,
From its half-divided chain?

Little skills it where or how,
If thou comest then or now,
With a smooth or angry brow;

Come thou must, and we must die—
Jesus, Saviour, stand Thou by,
When that last sleep seals our eye.

*That after his departure hence in peace, and in Thy favour,
his soul may be received into Thine everlasting kingdom.*

THE PRAYER.

Jeremy Taylor.

MY soul doth pant towards Thee,
My God! source of eternal life!
Flesh fights with me;
O end the strife,
And part us, that in peace I may
Unclay
My wearied spirit, and take
My flight to Thy eternal spring,

Where for His sake,
 Who is my King,
 I may wash all my tears away,
 That day.—

Thou conqueror of death,
 Glorious triumpher o'er the grave,
 Whose holy breath
 Was spent to save
 Lost mankind, make me to be stiled
 Thy child ;
 And take me when I die,
 And go unto my dust ; my soul,
 Above the sky,
 With saints enrol :
 That in Thy arms for ever I
 May lie.

Amen.

That after his departure hence in peace, and in Thy favour,
 his soul may be received into Thine everlasting kingdom.

“SOON—AND FOR EVER.”

“HER DYING WORDS TO HER HUSBAND WERE: ‘SOON—AND
 FOR EVER.’”—MANUSCRIPT LETTER.

Rev. J. S. Monsell.

“**S**OON—and for ever!”
 Such promise our trust,
 Though ashes to ashes,
 And dust unto dust ;

Soon—and for ever
Our union shall be
Made perfect, our glorious
Redeemer, in Thee.
When the sins and the sorrows
Of time shall be o'er;
Its pangs and its partings
Remembered no more;
When life cannot fail,
And when death cannot sever,
Christians with Christ shall be
Soon—and for ever.

Soon—and for ever
The breaking of day
Shall drive all the night clouds
Of sorrow away.
Soon—and for ever
We'll see as we're seen,
And learn the deep meaning
Of things that have been.
When fightings, without us,
And fears from within,
Shall weary no more
In the warfare of sin.
Where tears, and where fears,
And where death shall be—never,
Christians with Christ shall be
Soon—and for ever.

Soon—and for ever
The work shall be done,

The warfare accomplished,
 The victory won.
 Soon—and for ever
 The soldier lay down
 His sword for a harp,
 And his cross for a crown.
 Then droop not in sorrow,
 Despond not in fear,
 A glorious to-morrow
 Is brightening and near ;
 When—blessed reward
 Of each faithful endeavour,
 Christians with Christ shall be
 Soon—and for ever.

So fit and prepare him . . . that after his departure hence
 in peace, and in Thy favour, his soul may be received into
 Thine everlasting kingdom.

"The Hours."

O GOD, unchangeable and true,
 Of all the life and power,
 Dispensing light in silence through
 Every successive hour.

Lord, brighten our declining day,
 That it may never wane,
 Till death, when all things else decay,
 Brings back the morn again.

This grace on Thy redeemed confer,
Father, coequal Son,
And Holy Ghost the Comforter ;
Eternal Three in One.

That after his departure hence in peace, and in Thy favour,
his soul may be received into Thine everlasting kingdom,
through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ Thine only
Son, our Lord and Saviour :

HEAVEN.

Jeremy Taylor.

O BEAUTEOUS God ! uncircumscribed trea-
sure
Of an eternal pleasure !
Thy throne is seated far
Above the highest star ;
Where Thou prepar'st a glorious place
Within the brightness of Thy face,
For every spirit
To inherit,
That builds his hopes upon Thy merit,
And loves Thee with a holy charity.

What ravished heart, seraphic tongues, or eyes,
Clear as the morning's rise,
Can speak, or think, or see
That bright eternity ?

Where the great King's transparent throne
 Is of an entire jasper stone ;
 There the eye
 O' the crysolite,
 And a sky
 Of diamonds, rubies, chrysoprase,
 And, above all, Thy Holy Face
 Makes an eternal clarity.

When Thou Thy jewels up dost bind—that day
 Remember us, we pray.
 That where the beryl lies,
 And the crystal 'bove the skies,
 There Thou may'st appoint us place
 Within the brightness of Thy face ;
 And our soul,
 In the scroll
 Of life and blissfulness enrol,
 That we may praise Thee to eternity.

Hallelujah.

That after his departure hence in peace, and in Thy favour,
 his soul may be received into Thine everlasting kingdom.

“Hickes’ Devotions.”

I.

DEAR Jesu ! When, when will it be
 That I no more shall break with Thee ?
 When will this war of passions cease,
 And let my soul enjoy Thy peace ?

II.

Here I repent, and sin again ;
Now I revive, and now am slain :
Slain with the same unhappy dart,
Which, O ! too often wounds my heart.

III.

When, dearest Lord, when shall I be
A garden seal'd to all but Thee ?
No more expos'd, no more undone ;
But live, and grow to Thee alone ?

IV.

'Tis not, alas ! on this low earth
That such pure flowers can find a birth :
Only they spring above the skies,
Where none can live till here he dies.

V.

Then let me die, that I may go,
And dwell where those bright lilies grow !
Where those blest plants of glory rise,
And make a safer paradise.

VI.

No dangerous fruit, no tempting Eve :
No crafty serpent to deceive ;
But we like gods indeed shall be ;—
Oh ! let me die that life to see.

VII.

Thus says my song : but does my heart
Join with the words, and sing its part ?

Am I so thorough wise to choose
The other world, and this refuse ?

VIII.

Why should I not? What do I find
That fully here contents my mind?
What is this meat, and drink, and sleep,
That such poor things from heaven should keep?

IX.

What is this honour, or great place,
Or bag of money, or fair face?
What's all the world, that thus we should
Still long to dwell with flesh and blood?

X.

Fear not, my soul; stand to thy word,
Which thou hast sung to thy dear Lord;
Let but thy love be firm and true,
And with more heat thy wish renew.

XI.

Oh may this dying life make haste
To die into true life at last;
No hope have I to live before,
But then to live, and die no more.

XII.

Great, ever-living God, to Thee,
In essence one, in Persons three;
May all Thy works their tribute bring,
And every age Thy glory sing.

Amen.

A COMMENDATORY PRAYER FOR A SICK PERSON AT THE POINT OF DEPARTURE.

¶ Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of just men made perfect, after they are delivered from their earthly prisons ; We humbly commend the soul of this Thy servant, our dear brother, into Thy hands, as into the hands of a faithful Creator, and most merciful Saviour ; most humbly beseeching Thee, that it may be precious in Thy sight. Wash it, we pray Thee, in the blood of that immaculate Lamb, that was slain to take away the sins of the world ; that whatsoever defilements it may have contracted in the midst of this miserable and naughty world, through the lusts of the flesh, or the wiles of Satan, being purged and done away, it may be presented pure and without spot before Thee. And teach us who survive, in this and other like daily spectacles of mortality, to see how frail and uncertain our own condition is ; and so to number our days, that we may seriously apply our hearts to that holy and heavenly wisdom, whilst we live here, which may in the end bring us to life everlasting, through the merits of Jesus Christ Thine only Son our Lord. Amen.

④ Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of just men made perfect, after they are delivered from their earthly prisons;

Habington.

YOU spirits, that have thrown away
 That envious weight of clay,
 Which your celestial flight denied ;
 Who by your glorious troopes supply
 The winged hierarchie,
 So broken in the angells' pride.

O you, whom your Creator's sight
 Inebriates with delight ;
 Sing forth the triumphs of His name,
 All you enamored soules ; agree
 In a loud symphonie,
 To give expression to your flame.

To Him His owne works relate,
 Who daigned to elevate
 You 'bove the frailtie of your birth ;
 Where you stand safe from that rude warre,
 With which we troubled are
 By the rebellion of our earth.

While a corrupted air beneath
 Here in this world we breathe,

Each hour some passion us assailes :
Now lust casts wild fire in the blood,
 Or, that it may seeme good,
Itselfe in wit or beauty vailes.

Then envie circles us with hate,
 And layes a siege so streight,
No heavenly succour enters in :
But, if revenge admittance finde,
 For ever hath the mind
Made forfeit of it selfe to sinne.

Assaulted thus, how dare we raise
 Our minds to thinke His praise,
Who is eternall and immense ?
How dare we force our feeble wit
 To speak Him infinite,
So farre above the search of sence ?

O you who are immaculate,
 His name may celebrate
In your soules' bright expansion :
You whom your vertues did unite
 To His perpetual light,
That even with Him you now shine one.

While we, who t'earth contract our hearts,
 And only studie arts
To shorten the sad length of time :
In place of joyes, bring humble feares ;
 For hymnes, repentant teares ;
And a new sigh for every crime.

¶ Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of just men made perfect, after they are delivered from their earthly prisons;

DESIRE OF HEAVEN.

Ascribed to Francis Taylor.

O LONG to be installed in the throne
 Of endless glory ; let thy spirit groan
 After a full and plenary possession
 Of blessedness transcending all expression.
 Be like the bird of Paradise, which (they say)
 Being entangled in the snare, straightway
 Begins to strive, and never giveth o'er
 Till she enjoy her freedom as before.
 Sing Simeon's swan-like song at his decease—
 "Lord, let Thy servant now depart in peace."
 Welcome the messenger of death, which brings
 Most joyful tidings from the King of kings ;
 Which tells the saints of an approaching crown
 Of matchless glory, honour, and renown.
 Death is the chariot, which without delay,
 Saints to their Father's house bears swift away.
 Death is, to humble penitents, no less
 Than a short entrance into happiness.
 Death is the saints' ascension, day of bliss,
 Their marriage-day with Jesus Christ it is.
 Death is the charter of their liberty,
 The period of their pain and misery :

Death gives them an immunity from sin,
And frees them from the fears they once were in.
Death is the bane of woe, the grave of vice,
The portal opening into Paradise ;
Where grace, that in the bud was here below,
Into the flower of glory straight shall blow ;
Where saints' immortal souls, made more divine,
Shall with the diamonds of perfection shine ;
Where they, to their unspeakable delight,
Of God Himself shall have a perfect sight ;
Where, in their wills, there shall a likeness be
To God, in holiness and purity ;
Where, having shot the gulf of death, they shall
Wear on their heads a crown imperial ;
Where the rich caskets of their souls shall be
O'erlaid with glory's best embroidery ;
Where no contaminating tincture e'er
Shall their unspotted purity besmear ;
Where God Himself unto the saints shall be
A spring of life to perpetuity ;
Where they shall in the fragrant bosom lie
Of their Belovèd to eternity ;
Where the enamel of their glory shall
Never wear off, nor soièd be at all ;
Where they a glorious kingdom shall receive,
Of which no power on earth can them bereave ;
Where they their safety shall behold from all
Insulting foes, and their eternal thrall ;
Where they shall be partakers of that joy
Which will them satisfy, but never cloy ;

Where Baca unto Beracha¹ shall be
 Converted, mourning into melody—
 Where brinish tears shall never dim their eyes,
 Nor shall their ears be frightened more with cries ;
 Where sorrows ne'er shall damp their hearts again,
 Nor shall their senses be disturb'd with pain ;
 Where length of years, without the least decay
 Of strength, they shall enjoy ; yea, where for aye
 They shall be blessed with the love of many,
 And need not fear the jealousy of any ;
 Where for their labour a “ quietus est ”
 Each saint shall have, and ever be at rest ;
 Where life and immortality they shall
 Have, for their death in Christ, and Christ for all.

¶ Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of just
 men made perfect, after they are delivered from their earthly
 prisons ;

SEVENTH DAY OF CREATION.

(PART.)

T. Whylehead.

SABBATH of the saints of old,
 Day of mysteries manifold,
 By the great Creator blest,
 Type of His eternal rest ;

¹ Baca—weeping ; Beracha—blessing. See Psalm lxxxiv. 6, and 2 Chron. xx. 26.

I with thoughts of Thee would seek
To sanctify the closing week.

Resting from His work, the Lord
Spake to-day the hallowing word :
And, His wondrous labours done,
Now the everlasting Son
Gave to heaven and earth the sign
Of a wonder more divine :

Resting from His work, to-day
In the tomb the Saviour lay,
His sacred form from head to feet
Swathèd in the winding-sheet,
Lying in the rock alone,
Hid beneath the sealèd stone.

All the seventh day long, I ween,
Mournful watch'd the Magdalene,
Rising early, resting late,
By the sepulchre to wait,
In the holy garden glade
Where her buried Lord was laid.

So as closed the Sabbath night
In Goshen watched the Israelite,
Staff in hand, in pilgrim guise,
By the slaughtered sacrifice,
Waiting till the midnight cry
Signal gave that God was nigh :

In with Thee will He dwell still,
 I would esteem my spirit
 As the new Tree, that is sown,
 In this dear heart of mine,
 Where a pure minister abideth,
 None but Thee may ever dwell.

Myth and space I will bring,
 My poor affection's offering,
 Cover the hour from sight and sound
 Of the busy world around,
 And a patient watch remain,
 Till my Land appear again.

Then, the new creation done,
 Shall be Thy endless rest begun :
 Jesus, keep me safe from sin,
 That I with them may enter in,
 And danger past, and toil at end,
 To Thy resting-place ascend.

*We humbly commit the soul of this Thy servant, our
dear brother, into Thy hands,*

DUST TO DUST.

R. C. Trench.

OH ! blessing, wearing semblance of a curse,
 We fear thee, thou stern sentence—yet to be
 Linked to immortal bodies, were far worse
 'Than thus to be set free.

For mingling with the life-blood, through each vein
The venom of the Serpent's bite has run,
And only thus might be expelled again—
Thus only health be won.

Shall we not then a gracious sentence own,
Now since the leprosy has fretted through
The entire house, that Thou wilt take it down,
And build it all anew?

Build it this time (since Thou wilt build again,)
An holy house where righteousness may dwell;
And we, though in the unbuilding there be pain,
Will still affirm,—'Tis well.

We humbly commend the soul of this Thy servant, our
dear brother, into Thy hands, as into the hands of a faithful
Creator.

DYING TO THE WORLD.

Bishop Ken.

MY soul lives but a stranger here,
My country is the heavenly sphere :
While God here wills my stay,
His grace my powers shall sway.
Death ! when for me you are designed,
But little work in me you'll find.

My all is God's possession grown,
I nothing keep to call my own :
If any self you see
Remaining still in me,
O ! that should long ago have died,
Had I the lurking ill descried.

Perhaps you'll at my body aim—
But that's devoted to God's name ;
God there is pleased to build
A temple, with God filled ;
Dare you to ruin that design,
Which temple is of Godhead trine ?

By God's permission yet you may
Dissolve this house built up of clay—
In ruin when it lies,
It glorious shall arise ;
And rise to a much nobler height,
Than the first temple, much more bright.

Should you my heaven-born soul attempt—
That from your terrors lives exempt ;
You ne'er, with all your skill,
Could souls immortal kill :
You need not me and world divide,
I long ago the world denied.

I have prevented all your force,
Which from my friends might me divorce—

To friends, though truly dear,
My heart dares not adhere :
No perfect friend but God I know,
For God I all the rest forego.

Should you invade me, armed with pain,
And make me numerous deaths sustain,
My will, to God resigned,
Sweet ease in God will find ;
God's love will all my pains endear,
With joy my dissolution's near.

Death ! when you shall approach my head,
You'll nothing see but what is dead ;
Yet do not me forsake,
Care of my body take ;
Lay me with gentle hand asleep—
God in the grave my dust will keep.

We humbly commend the soul of this Thy servant . . . into
Thy hands,

LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Herrick.

I N the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts disquieted,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

And when the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the passing bell doth toll,
And the furies in a shoal
Come to fright my parting soul,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the priest his last has prayed,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decayed,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When God knows I'm tossed about,
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet before the glass be out,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the tempter me pursueth
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears, and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed,
When to Thee I have appealed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

We humbly commend the soul of this Thy servant . . . into
Thy hands, as into the hands of a faithful Creator,

R. C. Trench.

WHEN hearts are full of yearning tenderness
For the loved absent whom we cannot
reach
By deed or token, gesture or kind speech—
The spirit's true affection to express ;
When hearts are full of innermost distress,
And we are doomed to stand inactive by,
Watching the soul's or body's agony,
Which human effort helps not to make less—
Then, like a cup, capacious to contain

The overflowings of the heart, is prayer :
 The longing of the soul is satisfied,
 The keenest darts of anguish blunted are ;
 And though we cannot cease to yearn or grieve,
 Yet we have learned in patience to abide.

That whatsoever defilements it may have contracted . . .
 being purged and done away, it may be presented pure and
 without spot before Thee.

OF DIVINE LOVE.

Waller.

I MPENDENT death, and guilt that threatens
 hell,
 Are dreadful guests, which here with mortals dwell ;
 And a vexed conscience, mingling with their joy
 Thoughts of despair, does their whole life annoy ;
 But love appearing, all those terrors fly ;
 We live contented, and contented die.
 They in whose breast this sacred love has place,
 Death, as a passage to their joy, embrace.
 Clouds and thick vapours, which obscure the day,
 The sun's victorious beams may chase away :
 Those which our life corrupt and darken, love
 (The nobler star !) must from the soul remove.
 Spots are observed in that which bounds the year,
 This brighter sun moves in a boundless sphere ;
 Of Heaven the joy, the glory, and the light ;
 Shines among angels, and admits no night.

That whatsoever defilements it may have contracted in the midst of this miserable and naughty world, through the lusts of the flesh, or the wiles of Satan, being purged and done away, it may be presented pure and without spot before Thee.

COLOSSIANS I. 27.

E. M.

*
JESUS, I would be Thine alone,
My heart Thy sovereign sway to own,
Each long-loved idol would dethrone,
To live by faith on Thee.

The spirit of the world is here,
The watchful enemy is near,
And human love and human fear
Would tempt me far from Thee.

My soul, too oft by cares opprest,
Would scarce retain her heavenly guest,
Yet, Saviour ! *that* Thou hast possest,
Bind, closer bind, to Thee.

Have I not heard Thy gracious voice—
Learned in Thy promise to rejoice ?
Then be it mine, that blessed choice,
Through life to follow Thee !

Yet, O the moment of delight,
When these low scenes of earth and night
No longer intercept my sight,
Or tempt my feet from Thee.

When, rising in divine array,
 No more a prisoner of clay,
 My soul her judge, without dismay,
 Shall meet, and reign with Thee.

And teach us who survive, in this and other like daily
 spectacles of mortality, to see how frail and uncertain our own
 condition is;

Elegiac Poems.

What pang is permanent with man ? From the highest,
 As from the meanest things of every day,
 He learns to wean himself : for the strong hours
 Conquer him.

WH0 that a watcher doth remain
 Beside a couch of mortal pain,
 Deems he can ever smile again ?

Or who that weeps beside a bier,
 Counts he has any more to fear
 From the world's flatteries, false and leer ?

And yet anon, and he doth start
 At the light toys in which his heart
 Can now already claim its part.

O hearts of ours, so weak and poor,
 That nothing there can long endure !
 And so their hurts find shameful cure ;

While every sadder, wiser thought,
Each holier aim which sorrow brought,
Fades quite away and comes to nought.

O Thou, who dost our weakness know,
Watch for us, that the strong hours so
Not wean us from our wholesome woe.

Grant Thou, that we may long retain
The wholesome memories of pain,
Nor wish to lose them soon again.

Teach us . . . to see how frail and uncertain our own
condition is;

A PASSAGE FROM ST. AUGUSTIN.

R. C. Trench.

WERT thou a wanderer on a foreign strand,
Who yet could'st only in thy native land
Find peace, or joy, or any blessed thing—
And thy long woes unto an end to bring,
Should'st there at length determine to return,
Since in all other places doomed to mourn—
But, having need of carriages for this,
To bring thee to thy country and true bliss,
What if the pleasant motion which they made,
With the fair prospects on each side displayed,
Should so attract thee, thou at last wert fain
The things for use lent only, to retain ;

So taken with their passing, slight delight,
 That from thy country alienated quite,
 And its true joys whereto thou first didst tend,
 And loathing to approach thy journey's end,
 Thou should'st be now a pilgrim with the fear
 Lest thy long pilgrimage's close was near—
 If it were this way with thee, we might say,
 Thou didst man's life unto the life pourtray.

Teach us who survive, in this and other like daily spectacles of mortality, to see how frail and uncertain our own condition is;

AUTUMNAL HYMN.

H. F. Lyte.

THE leaves around me falling
 Are preaching of decay ;
 The hollow winds are calling,
 " Come, pilgrim, come away !"
 The day, in night declining,
 Says, I must too decline :
 The year its life resigning—
 Its lot foreshadows mine.
 The light my path surrounding,
 The loves to which I cling,
 The hopes within me bounding,
 The joys that round me wing—
 All melt, like stars of even
 Before the morning's ray,
 Pass upward into Heaven,
 And chide at my delay.

The friends gone there before me
Are calling from on high,
And joyous angels o'er me
Tempt sweetly to the sky.
"Why wait," they say, "and wither,
'Mid scenes of death and sin?
O rise to glory hither,
And find true life begin."

I hear the invitation,
And fain would rise and come,—
A sinner to salvation;
An exile to his home:
But while I here must linger,
Thus, thus, let all I see
Point on, with faithful finger,
To Heaven, O Lord, and Thee.

Teach us who survive, in this and other like daily spectacles
of mortality, to see how frail and uncertain our own condition
is;

THE CHECK.

(PART.)

Henry Vaughan.

AS he, that in the midst of days expects
 The hideous night,
Sleeps not, but shaking off sloth and neglects,
 Works with the sun, and sets
 Paying the day its debts;

That for repose and darkness should be night,
 Rest from the tears of the night;
 So should we too. All things teach us to die,
 And point us out the way;
 While we passe by,
 And mind it not; Play not away
 Thy glimpse of light.

View thy forerunners, Creatures given to be
 Thy youth's companions
 Take their leave, and die; birds, beasts, each tree,
 All that have growth or breath
 Have one large language—DEATH!
 O then play not! but strive to Him who can
 Make these sad shades pure sun,
 Turning their mists to beams, their damps to day;
 Whose power doth so excell
 As to make clay
 A Spirit, and true glory dwell
 In dust and stones.

Hark, how He doth invite thee! with what voice
 Of love and sorrow
 He begs and calls! O that in these thy days
 Thou knew'st but thy own good!
 Shall not the cries of blood,
 Of God's own blood, awake thee? He bids beware
 Of drunk'ness, surfeits, care;
 But thou sleepst on; where's now thy Protestation,

Thy Lines, thy Love? Away!
Redeem the day;
The day that gives no observation
Perhaps to-morrow.

And teach us who survive . . to see how frail and uncertain
our own condition is;

G. Wither.

THE voice which I did more esteem
Than music in her sweetest key;
Those eyes which unto me did seem
More comfortable than the day;
Those now by me, as they have been,
Shall never more be heard or seen,
But what I once enjoyed in them
Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

All earthly comforts vanish thus;
So little hold of them have we,
That we from them, or they from us,
May in a moment ravished be.
Yet we are neither just nor wise
If present mercies we despise;
Or mind not how there may be made
A thankful use of what we had.

And teach us who survive . . to see how frail and uncertain
our own condition is;

(PART.)

Moultrie.

BUT be this
Even as it may;—from all that hath been
lost,
And all that yet remains, our hearts may learn
Some profitable lessons. Upon earth
Decay and renovation, in close track,
Follow each other; friendships wax and wane;
Old joys give place to new ones; and while thus
Provision is still made for life's support
And bountiful refreshment,—while the heart
Is cheered and strengthened for its daily task
Of duty, by accessions many and rich
Of ever-freshening solace,—still we learn
That all is here unstable; that, till death,
We must not hope to lay our weary heads
On the soft lap of permanent repose;
Nor find secure and never-failing rest
For our foot's sole. Such comfort as Heaven gives
Let us enjoy with thankfulness; but still—
Remembering that our home is not on earth,
Nor earthy the affections and the joys
Which must make glad that home,—with stedfast
aim
Pursue our heavenward path, from time to time
Refreshed, in this world's wilderness, by springs
Of worldly joyance, but still looking on,

Beyond created things, to that full bliss
Which the regenerate and triumphant soul,
After its weary conflicts, by God's power,
Through faith unto salvation safely kept,
Shall, in His presence, endlessly enjoy.

Teach us who survive, in this and other like daily spectacles
of mortality, to see how frail and uncertain our own condition
is;

PASSING THROUGH THE NEW FOREST.

AUTUMN SUNSET.

Church Poetry.

WHAT do they say—those forest trees?
Their leaves are shed;
Thousands and thousands by the breeze
Lie scattered—dead;
And yet there is a sunny hue,
A rich bright glow,
Their summer freshness never knew,
That now they show.

And the bright sun—he soon will sink,
His glories set,
But see, while hovering on the brink,
He's glowing yet;
And never in his noon tide hour
In summer skies,
Beams forth such radiant, glorious power,
As when he dies.

They tell me—those proud trees of earth—
 That sun of Heaven—
This is not death ; another birth
 Will yet be given.
 'Tis therefore they exulting glow,
 Exulting shine ;
 They tell me as I gaze, to **know**
 Such fate is **mine**.
 But **O** ! how nobler, higher far,
Our hope in dying,
 To rise where light and glory are,
 And death defying.
 Then never, never look upon
 That earth and sky,
 To sigh o'er dreams—of pleasures gone,
 Or hopes that die ;
 But think of the eternal morrow,
 That breaks upon the night of sorrow.

Apply our hearts to that holy and heavenly wisdom, whilst
 we live here, which may in the end bring us to life everlasting.

TO GOD.

IN HIS SICKNESS.

Herrick.

WHAT though my harp and viol be
 Both hung upon the willow-tree?
 What though my bed be now my grave,
 And for my house I darkness have?

What though my healthful days are fled,
And I lie numbered with the dead?
Yet I have hope, by Thy great power,
To spring—though now a withered flower.

That we may seriously apply our hearts to that holy and heavenly wisdom, whilst we live here, which may in the end bring us to life everlasting.

"MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND."

A. L. W.

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that will surely come,
I do not fear to see ;
But I ask Thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching, wise
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And to wipe the weeping eyes ;
And a heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know ;

I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts,
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If *Thou* be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee;
And careful-less to serve Thee *much*,
Than to please Thee *perfectly*.

There are briars besetting every path,
Which call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And a need for earnest prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
Is happy any where.

In a service which Thy love appoints
 There are no bonds for me;
For my secret heart is taught "the truth"
 That makes Thy children "free;"
And a life of self-renouncing love
 Is a life of liberty!

That we may seriously apply our hearts to that holy and
heavenly wisdom, whilst we live here, which may in the end
bring us to life everlasting.

ST. LUKE XII. 8.

"WHOSOEVER SHALL CONFESS ME—"

"*Liturgia Domestica.*"

O JESUS, Lord,—the Way, the Truth,
 The Life, the Crown of all
Who here on earth confess Thy Name;
 O hear us when we call.

We bring to mind, with grateful joy,
 Thy servants, who of old
Withstood the snares of earth and hell,
 And now Thy face behold.

Who sought on earth the joys of prayer,
 And that communion knew,
Which saints and angels share above
 With those who seek it too.

Vouchsafe us, Lord, we pray Thee now,
 To us it may be given,
 Like them to live and die in Thee,
 And with them rise to Heaven.

That we may seriously apply our hearts to that holy and heavenly wisdom, whilst we live here, which may in the end bring us to life everlasting,

Henry Vaughan.

THEY are all gone into a world of light!
 And I alone sit lingering here!
 Their very memory is fair and bright,
 And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast
 Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
 Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest,
 After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
 Whose light doth trample on my days ;
 My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
 Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy hope ! and high humility !
 High as the heavens above !
 These are your walks, and you have show'd them me
 To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death ; the jewel of the just !
Shining no where but in the dark ;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's-nest may
know.

At first sight if the bird be flown ;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confin'd into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there ;
But when the hand that locked her up gives room,
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O, Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee !
Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty !

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass ;
Or else remove me hence unto that Hill,
Where I shall need no glass.

A PRAYER FOR PERSONS TROUBLED IN MIND
OR CONSCIENCE.

¶ Blessed Lord, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comforts; We beseech Thee, look down in pity and compassion upon this Thy afflicted servant. Thou writest bitter things against him, and makest him to possess his former iniquities; Thy wrath lieth hard upon him, and his soul is full of trouble: But, ¶ merciful God, who hast written Thy holy Word for our learning, that we, through patience and comfort of Thy holy Scriptures, might have hope; give him a right understanding of himself, and of Thy threats and promises, that he may neither cast away his confidence in Thee, nor place it any where but in Thee. Give him strength against all his temptations, and heal all his distempers. Break not the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax. Shut not up Thy tender mercies in displeasure; but make him to hear of joy and gladness, that the bones which Thou hast broken may rejoice. Deliver him from fear of the enemy, and lift up the light of Thy countenance upon him, and give him peace, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

We beseech Thee, look down in pity and compassion upon
this Thy afflicted servant.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

J. C. Hare.

LORD God, my Saviour, day and night
I make my cry to Thee :
O let my prayer before Thee rise,
Incline Thine ear to me.

My soul is bowed with grievous woes ;
My life draws nigh the grave :
Like those who fall into the pit,
No health or strength I have.

Cast me not out, O God, with those
Who in their trespass die,
Who from Thy mercy are cut off,
By Thee forgotten lie.

Thus will I daily cry to Thee,
And humbly seek Thy grace.
O do not quite forsake me, Lord,
Nor from me hide Thy face.

His soul is full of trouble;

PSALM XLII.

H. F. Lyte.

LONE amidst the dead and dying,
Lord, my spirit faints for Thee;
Longing, thirsting, drooping, sighing,
When shall I Thy presence see?

O how altered my condition;
Late I led the joyous throng;
Beat my heart with full fruition,
Flowed my lips with grateful song.

Now the storm goes wildly o'er me,
Waves on waves my soul confound:
Nought but boding fears before me,
Nought but threatening foes around.

Save me, save me, O my Father!
To thy faithful word I cling:
Thence, my soul, thy comfort gather;
Hope, and thou again shalt sing.

Give him a right understanding of himself,

R. C. Trench.

FOR thou hast known, if I may read aright
The pages of thy past existence—thou
Hast known the dreary sickness of the soul,
That falls upon us in our lonely youth;

The fear of all bright visions leaving us,
The sense of emptiness, without the sense
Of an abiding fulness any where ;
When all the generations of mankind,
With all their purposes, their hopes and fears,
Seem nothing truer than those wandering shapes
Cast by a trick of light upon a wall,
And nothing different from these, except
In their capacity for suffering ;
What time we have the sense of sin, and none
Of expiation. Our own life seemed then
But as an arrow flying in the dark
Without an aim, a most unwelcome gift,
Which we might not put by. But now, what God
Intended as a blessing and a boon
We have received as such, and we can say—
A solemn yet a joyful thing is life,
Which being full of duties, is for this
Of gladness full, and full of lofty hopes.
And He has taught us what reply to make,
Or secretly in spirit, or in words,
If there be need, when sorrowing men complain
The fair illusions of their youth depart,
All things are going from them, and to-day
Is emptier of delights than yesterday,
Even as to-morrow will be barer yet ;
We have been taught to feel this need not be,
This is not life's inevitable law,—
But that the gladness we are called to know
Is an increasing gladness, that the soil
Of human heart, tilled rightly, will become

Richer and deeper, fitter to bear fruit
Of an immortal growth, from day to day,
Fruit of love, life, and indeficient joy.

• • • • •

**Give him a right understanding of himself, and of Thy
threats and promises;**

(PART.)

Joseph Beaumont.

TURN thine eye
Inward, and observe thy breast ;
There alone dwells solid rest :
That's a close immured tower
Which can mock all hostile power—
To thyself a tenant be,
And inhabit safe and free.
Say not that this house is small,
Girt up in a narrow wall :
In a cleanly sober mind
Heaven itself full room doth find ;
The infinite Creator can
Dwell in it—why may not man ?
Here, Content, make thine abode
With thyself, and with thy God.

Give him a right understanding of himself, and of Thy
threats and promises;

Sir J. Davies.

IF aught can teach us aught, affliction's lookes
 Make us to looke into ourselves so neare,
Teach us to know ourselves beyond all bookees,
Or all the learned schooles that ever were.

That he may neither cast away his confidence in Thee,
 nor place it any where but in Thee,

(PART.)

G. Gascoigne.

THE mistie cloudes that fall sometime
 And overcast the skies,
Are like to troubles of our time,
 Which do but dimme our eies.

But as such dewes are dried up quite,
 When Phebus shewes his face ;
So are sad fancies put to flight
 When God doth guide by grace.

Give him a right understanding of himself, and of The threats and promises ; that he may neither cast away his confidence in Thee, nor place it any where but in Thee.

Francis Quarles.

O WHITHER shall I fly? what path untrod
Shall I seek out to 'scape the flaming rod
Of my offended, of my angry God?

Where shall I sojourn? what kind sea will hide
My head from thunder? Where shall I abide
Until His flames be quenched or laid aside?

What if my feet should take their hasty flight,
And seek protection in the shades of night?
Alas! no shades can blind the God of light.

What if my soul should take the wings of day
And find some desert? If she springs away,
The wings of vengeance clip as fast as they.

What if some solid rock should entertain
Thy frightened soul? can solid rocks restrain
The stroke of justice, and not cleave in twain?

Nor sea, nor shade, nor rock, nor cave,
Nor silent deserts, nor the sullen grave,
What flame-eyed fury means to smite, can save.

The seas will part, graves open, rocks will split ;
The shield will cleave, the frightened shadows flit ;
Where justice aims, her fiery dart must hit.

No, no, if stern-browed Vengeance means to thunder,
There is no place above, beneath, or under,
So close but will unlock, or rive in sunder.

'Tis vain to flee ; 'tis neither here nor there
Can 'scape that hand, until that hand forbear ;
Ah me ! where is He not, that's every where ?

'Tis vain to flee, till gentle Mercy show
Her better eye ; the further off we go
The swing of Justice deals the mightier blow.

The ingenuous child corrected, doth not fly
His angry mother's hand ; but climbs more nigh,
And quenches with his tears her flaming eye.

Shadows are faithless, and the rocks are false ;
No trust in brass, no trust in marble walls ;
Poor cots are even as safe as princes' halls.

Great God ! there is no safety here below ;
Thou art my fortress, Thou that seem'st my foe,
'Tis Thou, that strik'st the stroke, must guard the
blow.

Thou art my God, by Thee I fall or stand ;
Thy grace hath given me courage to withstand
All tortures, but my conscience, and Thy hand.

I know Thy justice is Thyself ; I know,
Just God, Thy very self is mercy too :
If not to Thee, where, whither shall I go ?

Then work Thy will : if passion bid me flee,
 My reason shall obey ; my wings shall be
 Stretched out no further than from Thee to Thee.

EGive him strength against all his temptations, and heal all
 his distempers.

Sir J. Harrington.

GOD hath made a salve for every sore,
 If men would learn the same for to apply.

Shut not up Thy tender mercies in displeasure ; but make
 him to hear of joy and gladness,

SACRED SONNET.

Donne.

THOU hast made me, and shall Thy work decay?
 Repair me now, for mine end doth haste ;
 I run to death, and death meets me as fast,
 And all my pleasures are like yesterday—
 I dare not move my dimme eyes any way ;
 Despair behind, and death before, doth cast
 Such terrour, and my feeble flesh doth waste
 By sin in it, which it towards hell doth weigh ;
 Only Thou art above, and when towards Thee,
 By Thy leave I can look, I rise again ; . . .
 But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,
 That not one hour myself I can sustain :
 Thy Grace may wing me to prevent his art,
 And Thou like adamant draw my iron heart.

Shut not up Thy tender mercies in displeasure; but make
him to hear of joy and gladness,

JONAH'S PRAYER.

*

Lewis Way.

BY reason of affliction sore,
Disquieted in heart I roar,
In belly of the grave.
The Lord hath cast my troubled soul
Where all His waves and billows roll;
O Lord, Thy servant save !

Compassed about with waters wide,
The weeds, the sport of ev'ry tide,
Are wrapt around my head :
Down in the mountains of the sea,
My fainting soul remembers Thee,
O raise me from the dead !

I look towards that holy place,
Where sinners find a throne of grace,
And there I fix mine eyes.
My vows unto the Lord I'll pay,
And there, upon His altar, lay
My willing sacrifice.

Shut not up Thy tender mercies in displeasure ; but make him to hear of joy and gladness, that the bones which Thou hast broken may rejoice.

HYMN.

*
O THOU, in still seclusion near,
My joy, my grief, my hope, my fear;
Father and Saviour ! let me be
For one bright moment near to Thee.

Break, fetters, break—and let my soul
For once escape your base control,
And the pure liberty of Heaven
Enjoy, and feel myself forgiven.

Dark hours, and days less bright may come,
Again this wayward heart may roam ;
But thus to catch one living ray,
Would thousand waiting hours repay.

Yet rather grant—where'er I rove,
Whatever joys my spirit move,
Still that my life be hid with Thee—
Centre of light and life to me !

Deliver him from fear of the enemy, and lift up the light of
Thy countenance upon him, and give him peace,

PSALM CXLIII.

Sandy.

LORD, to my cries afford an eare,
The afflicted heare ;
According to Thy equity
And truth reply ;
Nor prove severe, for in Thy sight
None living shall be found upright.

The foe my soule besiegeth round,
Strikes to the ground,
In darkness hath envelopèd,
Like men long dead ;
My mind with sorrow overthowne,
My heart within me stupid growne.

I call to mind those ancient daies
Filled with Thy praise ;
Thy works alone possess my thought,
With wonder wrought ;
To Thee I stretch my zealous hand,
Desired like raine for thirsty land.

Approach with speed ; my spirits faile,
Thy face unveile ;

Lest I forthwith grow like those
Whom graves inclose ;
O let me of Thy mercy heare
Before the morning sun appeare.

My God, Thou art the only scope
Of all my hope ;
O show me thy prescribed way,
Lest I should stray ;
For to Thy throne I raise mine eyes,
My soule and all my faculties.

Save from my foes ; to Thee, lo ! I
For refuge fly ;
Informe me, that I may fulfil
Thy sacred will :
My God, let Thy good Spirit lead,
That in Thy paths my feet may tread.

O for Thy honour quicken me,
Who trust in Thee ;
Out of these straits for justice sake
Thy servant take ;
In mercy cut Thou off my foes,
Whose hate hath multiplied my woes.

Deliver him from fear of the enemy, and lift up the light of
Thy countenance upon him, and give him peace,

PSALM CXLII.

Sandys.

WITH sighs and cries to God I prayed,
To Him my supplication made,
Poured out my teares,
My cares and feares ;
My wrongs before Him laide.

My fainting spirits almost spent,
He knew the path in which I went ;
Yet in my way
Their snares they lay,
With mercilesse intent.

My eyes I round me throw,
None see, that will the oppressed know ;
No refuge left,
Of hope bereft,
Vaine pity none bestow.

Then unto God I cried and said,
Thou art my hope and only aid,
The portion
I build upon
While with fraile flesh arrayed.

O Source of mercy, heare my cry,
 Lest I with wasting sorrow die :
 Shield from my foes,
 Who now enclose ;
 Since of more strength than I.

My soule out of this prison bring,
 That I may praise Thee, O my King.
 Who trust in Thee
 Shall compass me,
 And of Thy bountie sing.

Lift up the light of Thy countenance upon him, and give him
 peace, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ our
 Lord. Amen.

(PART.)

Henry Vaughan.

O WHEN my God, my glory, brings
 His white and holy train
 Unto those clear and living springs
 Where comes no stain !

Where all is light, and flowers, and fruit,
 And joy, and rest,
 Make me amongst them, 'tis my suit,
 The last one and the least !

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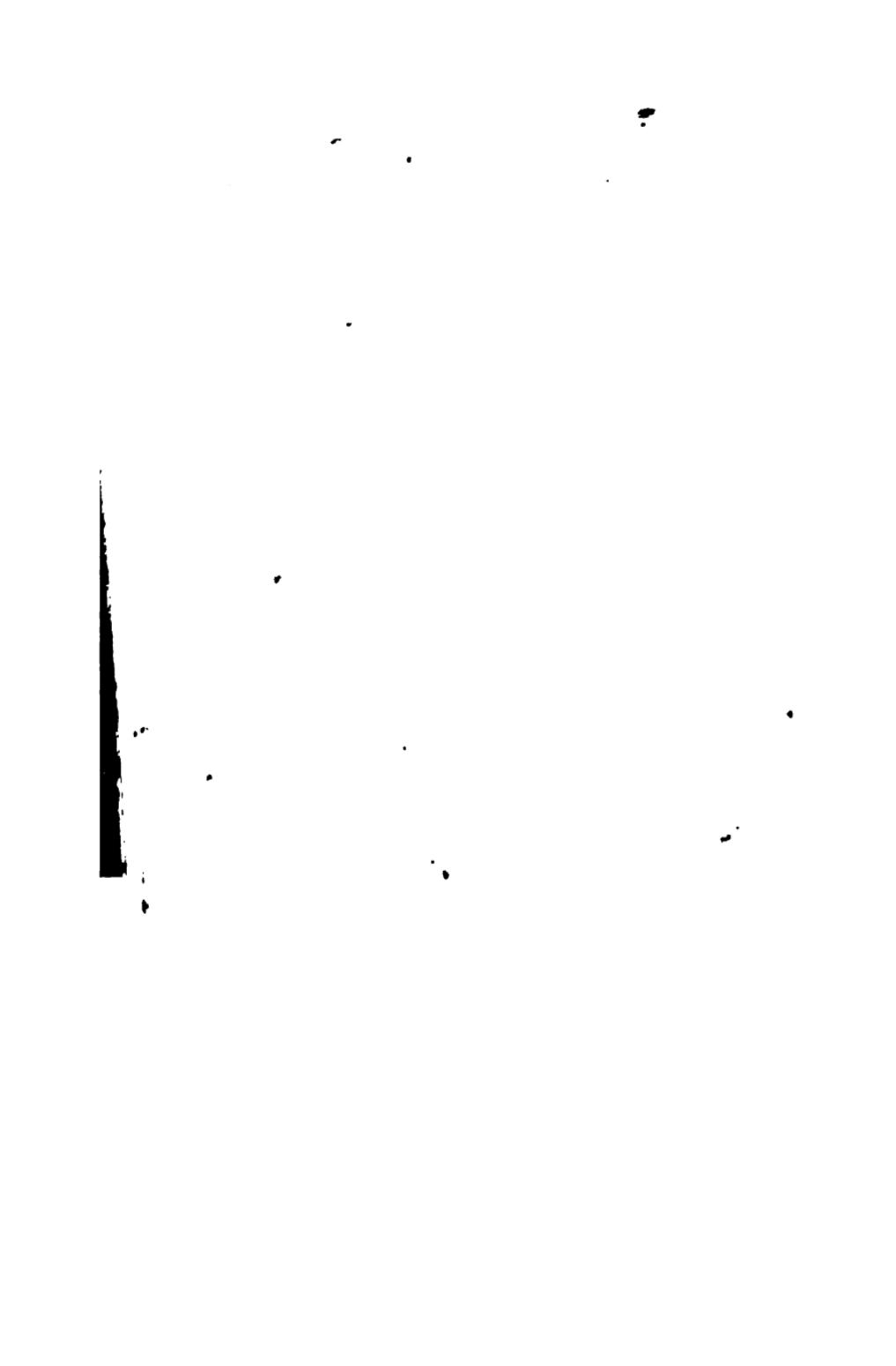
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